



## THE RETURN OF THE EMPEROR.

By J. Ross Dix, Author of the "Life of Chatterton."

Take back the mighty dust!—  
France! 'tis thine own once more;  
The treasure guard with jealous trust,  
Thine unquenched love outpour:—  
The wondrous Chief returns,  
Not with a circling crown,  
Not as of yore when victory  
Showered all her laurels down;

But with cheek unflushed by triumph, with no Conqueror's eagle glance,  
He comes a slumbering warrior—comes Napoleon back to France!

From his Ocean-circled grave,  
The awful Chief they took,  
They gazed on his remembered face,  
As on a written book:—  
They gazed—and bitter tears  
By grey old men were shed,  
As their hearts went back to other years  
When that disrowned head

Was girt like Jove's, with might—when NAPOLEON on the gale  
Was breathed—and the live thunder turned half the nations pale.

Marengo's bloody battle,  
And Wagram's savage fight,  
Red Austerlitz—and Moskwa's  
Wild elemental flight;  
And the blood which upon Friedland  
Fell, like warm human dew,  
And the thunder-storm whose iron shower,  
Rained down on Waterloo!

All glared on Memory's faithful page, as midnight flambeaux shone,  
With a strange intrusive light on him—the dead Napoleon!

But He—his hand was powerless,  
His brain was crushed to rest;  
In scarce-decaying pomp he lay  
On Earth's maternal breast:—  
The imperial Eagles glittered,  
But he opened not his eye;  
His chosen Generals passed him,  
But they went unnoted by:

Cold and calm he lay as they took him from his grave,  
Waking him for new renown, in the land beyond the wave.

Shoutings on old Ocean!  
Across the panting main,  
Cannons deeply booming,  
Tell He is free again!  
Helena's gloomy barriers,  
The far clouds darken round,  
As a Monarch's son bears proudly on,  
The lov'd—the lost—the found!

Bravely sweeps the Frigate on—blue waves round her dance,  
As they bear the noble Exile home—Napoleon home to France!

On the clear horizon,  
Just at set of sun,  
Looms a faint land-shadow—  
Wake! Napoleon!  
'Tis, 'tis France! what sleepest  
Still, Imperial clay?  
On that land enthusiast bands  
Wait thy call—away!

'Tis a sleep strong and deep, which can bind thee down;  
Slumberest yet, Napoleon! Up, and grasp a crown!

Vain! the call unheeded now  
Floateth on the air,  
Glory cannot waken him,  
Mute he lieth there:—  
Up the river glideth,  
With its kingly freight,  
A bark upon whose deck, the Chief  
Reclines in solemn state;

His Marshal's are around him—priestly vestments wave,  
And prayers are said for the mighty dead, as he travels to his grave.

Could those legions waken,  
Who, at their General's name  
Once, with shout exulting,  
Earned ever-during fame;  
Could they but see his bones  
Borne to his own heart's home,  
And hear his latest obsequies  
Beneath the gilded dome;

How would they welcome back their Chief as Ghebrs greet the Sun,  
And march to high and daring deeds, with him—NAPOLEON!

E'en now my fancy sees  
Their ranks—a ghostly band  
Surround the blazoned pall,  
Awaiting his command:—

The silent, shadowy Chief  
Appears, and every eye  
Kindles with lambent fire to view  
The vision stalking by—

But Phantom-fooled the cheated eye turns mournfully away,  
And only marks the coffin which contains the wondrous clay.

The organ's wavering tones,  
Die in the building vast—  
Slowly the bier descends—  
Napoleon rests at last!  
There o'er his new-found grave,  
Let Peace with bloodless hand,  
Two mighty Monarchies unite,  
And quench war's smouldering brand:

By the ashes of the Emperor then should nobler deeds be done,  
Than when o'er fields of carnage swept the scourge—Napoleon.  
New York, Aug., 1844.

## TO CARA.

BY JOHN KEESE.

Autumn has passed,—when the setting sun  
Ripened the fruit it looked upon;  
The peach dyed with blushes its pallid hue,  
And the smiling grapes the leaves peeped through;  
But thou art a fairer fruit by far  
Than ever was shone on by sun or star;  
The tinge on thy cheek doth come and go  
Like light through a cloud on a field of snow.

Winter has passed,—his dying groan  
Was heard in the spent storm's hollow moan;  
His cheerful fires have gone to decay,  
And his robe of white hath melted away;  
But thy heart will still in its gentleness glow  
While the current of life in thy veins doth flow;  
The robe of thy soul is purer still,  
Nor forms nor harbors one thought of ill.

Spring has passed, and has left behind  
Perfumed gardens to scent the wind,  
And beautiful flowers, that bless the eyes  
With visions of a lost paradise;  
But thou art lovelier far than these,  
And owest no charm to sun or breeze;  
Their lifeless colors can never vie  
With the spirit that speaks in thy laughing eye

Summer has come, when the burning sky  
Changes all labor to apathy;  
Our wearied limbs from the parching heat,  
In the forest shades seek a cool retreat;  
So when the soul feels misfortune's fire  
Where'er it fancies all hopes expire,  
With the mantle of Mercy o'ershadowing it, thou  
Wilt chase all despair from the feverish brow.

Brooklyn, July, 1844.

## THE TALLEYRAND PAPERS.

PART V.—[Continued.]

"I have dwelt thus lengthily upon the childhood of the Prince de Talleyrand because, in the events by which it was marked, you may find both cause and excuse for many things that befel in after years. Such had been his life at Louis le Grand. Now at the Seminaire he was thrown at once among a set of creatures of a far different stamp to the bold and independent beings he had left. His new companions were mostly, like himself, sons of the poor noblesse; but unlike himself they were either the younger or the bastard sons. Not one of these had been deprived, as he had been, of his name and birthright, therefore none could have sympathy with all the bitterness that must have lain so heavy on his heart. Instead of the variety which gave such interest to his college life, and such constant food to his perceptive powers, he was surrounded in his new abode by beings all actuated by one single motive, and who had therefore been moulded by the same views into the same character. The sleepy dream of life at St. Sulpice, centered wholly in ecclesiastical distinction and honour, and merely resolved itself either in riches or in dignities, according to the temper of the dreamer. The ready wit, the lively perceptions of young Talleyrand, could not be appreciated in a community where hope was deadened, and imagination, dulled by the certainty which robbed the Future of the dim veil with which it is hidden from the great mass of mankind, and which, according to the morals of the period, rendered the after years of the younger son of the poor noble, or the bastard child of the rich one, as easily defined and as easy to unravel as a record of the past. So must have thought that little congregation of the Seminaire of St. Sulpice, who were gathered there in 1770, the year of the admission of Charles Maurice. But God had ordained it otherwise; and could some few of the fortunes of those lads be told at this day, we should perhaps find as great diversity of adventure, and many a tale of interest as wild and fearful, as those which must have befallen among the youthful denizens of the Royal College of Louis le Grand at the same period.

"However, it does not appear that the young candidate for church prefer-

ment was guilty, for a single moment, of deception, with regard to those who had thus fashioned out his destiny. He wore no mask of hypocrisy at that time certainly; no false pretence of fasting or of penance; but openly and freely shared in all the amusements which were within his reach, perhaps buoyed up with the presentiment that the time was drawing nigh when the cowed monk and the stoled priest would be bound, by no obligation, to keep the vow which had been breathed in terror or necessity.

"It is pleasant to listen to his quiet and even mirthful tales of the life he led when staying at the *succursale* of the establishment, which was situated at Vaugirard, near which place (at Issy) the Duchess of Orleans, mother of our present King Louis Philippe, possessed a most splendid château. Here she used to assemble all the *élite* of the society of Paris, and on the boards of the little theatre belonging to the château were first produced some of the dramatic pieces which afterwards had the greatest vogue in the capital. To be present at these representations was an honour, of course, far beyond the pretensions of the poor seminaristes, whose ears were tantalised during the long summer nights by the rattling of carriage-wheels, and the hallooing of liveried attendants, as all the rank and beauty of Paris flew by the old gray convent, where should have been slumbering in holy calm the priestly inhabitants. But young Talleyrand slumbered not. He would remain gazing for hours through the narrow apertures of the *jalousies*,—which the watchful eye of the *surveillant* caused always to be closed,—and with straining eyes and yearning heart seek to picture to his fancy the faces and the forms of the fair occupants of the carriages which passed in rapid succession, until the desire to join the happy groups he beheld thus fleeting before him became irresistible, and he resolved *coûte que coûte* to gratify it. No sooner was the resolution formed, than he hastened to accomplish its execution.

"Accordingly, one bright and balmy night in August he flung his black serge frock *aux orties*, and without assistance and without a confidant (he never asked or took advice,) he climbed the old crumbling wall of the garden, and jumped up behind one of the gay carriages which had so excited his envy. He will sometimes smile even now at the self-confidence with which he planted himself, all terrified and blushing, however, at the heels of the party who descended at the perron of the château. He was fairly astonished at his own impudence, when he found himself comfortably seated in the *parterre* of the theatre, with an officer of the *gardes Françaises* on one side, and a little masked and mincing *abbé petit-maitre* on the other; nor could he believe, as he raised his eyes and gazed around on that bright and brilliant company, that he was not in reality where he ought at that moment to have been, stretched on his lowly pallet, and dreaming of paradise.

"When the curtain rose, and the play begun, his admiration and delight became almost painful. The piece was Racine's 'Phèdre,' and the famous Mademoiselle Contat, who performed the part of the wretched wife and mother, was in more senses than one the heroine of the evening. She had just been released from the prison of Fort l'Évêque where she had been confined for some time, in consequence of having refused to apologise to the Paris *parterre*, for treating with contempt its opinion and authority. Enthusiasm was at its height on her account. Party spirit had run so high, that duels had been fought between old friends, and *liaisons* of long standing been broken off in consequence of differences of opinion with regard to her conduct in this matter. Madame de L—, a great patroness of the drama, had not hesitated at making herself the public talk, by taking to prison, in her open carriage in broad day, and in the face of all Paris, seated on her lap, with dishevelled hair and streaming eyes, the fair and injured Emilie! The new perfume, *l'armes de Contat*, had become indispensable. Better go without a pocket-handkerchief at all than produce one which was not redolent of the complicated fragrance.

"There had been but one single incident to divert from tears and sobs in this adventure. The exempt of police, who had been charged with the arrest of Mademoiselle Contat, had found her in the tragic mood, lofty and sullen. 'Take all!' she had exclaimed, with theatrical grandeur; 'you are welcome to take all—my liberty—my very life itself—but you cannot take my honour!' 'Fear not, mademoiselle,' replied the man; '*où il n'y a rien, le roi perd ses droits.*'

"Some had laughed at the witticism—others had felt it most deeply as the unkindest cut of all. In short, her punishment and its cause had created a species of frenzy in the public mind, which had occasioned all minor troubles, whether of politics or finance, to be forgotten for awhile. You may judge, then, of the effect produced by the appearance of Mlle. Contat on the stage of this little *théâtre de bonne campagne*, before an audience of whom she was the idol, and who had taken her imprisonment as the deepest personal offence to themselves. Every individual in the house arose and greeted her with transport. There was loud clapping of hands and stamping of feet; and some wept salt tears, and embraced their neighbours lovingly, so great was the common joy at the universal good which had befallen in the release of the great Contat! Charles Maurice alone remained impassable amid all the clamour, for he knew not what it meant, until the *garde Française* gave him a cuff, and bade him shout, or he would pink him, and the perfumed *abbé* fell upon his neck, and with sobs begged him, in Heaven's name, to clap his hands, that he might be sure that he was not seated next to a corpse, for nothing else could thus long have borne the presence of a beauty so divine without some demonstration of delight.

"It was when the clamouring had ceased, and the play was allowed to proceed, that the real delight of young Talleyrand began. I have often heard him say, that never during the lengthened years of his brilliant life, does he remember to have experienced an admiration so glowing, so intense, as on that memorable evening. During the whole of the performance he had remained in a perfect trance, and when it was concluded, he almost wept at the thought that he might possibly behold it no more. The play was followed by a supper, again followed by dancing, which doubtless lasted till the dawn, but our seminariste deemed it prudent to hasten homewards before matins, for fear of detection. This he accomplished on foot, and with celerity, and was just comfortably settled in his bed when the odious clang of the chapel bell aroused him ere he had yet fallen asleep. And it was long, indeed, before he again slept calmly as he had done before! That night's entrancement had opened to his sight visions of forbidden things, of which till then he had never dreamt, and the possibility of returning again with composure to the dull life of the seminariste was gone for ever! His passion for Mademoiselle Contat grew to be the one sole thought which occupied his mind, and he soon found means to indulge it. Night after night would he escape from his prison, and walk to Paris (after her return to the *Théâtre Royal*), in order to witness the least fragment of her acting. Sometimes on the vigils of great festivals, when prayers had continued late at the chapel, or the superior had indulged his flock with an over-long story at the supper-table, the poor youth could not set out on his perilous journey until it was too late; and many a time has he had the mortification of arriving

at the theatre, after an expensive ride or a fatiguing walk from Vaugirard, just as the curtain was about to fall, and shut out the goddess from his sight. He often recalls those few short months of peril and excitement, as among the happiest of his life.

"It was just about this time that he met with a romantic adventure which he cannot even now relate without emotion, and which has all the character of the events which compose the most pure and healthy of the novels of the period. He was one day returning from the *Bibliothèque* of the Sorbonne to the *Séminarie Saint Sulpice*, laden with books and papers, when a violent storm of rain coming on, he was forced to seek shelter beneath a gateway in the *Rue du Pot de Fer*. The neighbourhood at that time was full of convents and ecclesiastical establishments—the Benedictines—the Carmelites—the *Frères Minimes*—the Cordeliers—all had houses or *succursales*, about the place St Sulpice; so that you might have walked down whole streets of dark gloomy wall, without finding a single refuge from the rain—the convent doors being kept inhospitably closed, and the small space beneath the eaves being even more soaked than the middle of the street, from the dripping gutters which poured down upon the miserable wayfarer, one continued sheet of water, certainly not so pure as that which fell straight from heaven. There was but one single space in the whole street where the passer-by could hope for a dry footing, and young Talleyrand knew it well; a little archway leading to the back-door of a convent of Benedictines—the name of which I forget—whose principal entrance was in the *Rue de Vaugirard*.

"It was a long narrow passage, so dark that it was impossible to perceive any one concealed there, and might have served admirably as a place of ambush for any lurking thief or assassin, who might have chosen to harbour in its gloomy recess. Here the youth had stood for some time watching the rain—which continued to fall in torrents—still laden with his books, yet not daring to open one of them, fearful that the rest might fall into the mud—of course devoured with *ennui*, and stamping with impatience,—just, in fact, on the point of launching forth once more—if it was merely for the sake of changing his station for another more amusing,—when suddenly he became conscious of the presence of another person in the passage. He says that he was rather startled at first, but it did not belong either to his age or character to pass without investigation any circumstance which had arrested his attention, so clearing his throat with a successful effort, he called out manfully,

"*Qui vive?*"

"The exclamation was answered by a faint and stifled cry, issuing from the very furthest corner of the obscure passage. The young man ventured forward without hesitation, and discovered a dark and shapeless form huddled up in one corner of the threshold of the convent-door, whose outline, so dark was the place, was invisible, even at arm's length. He was conscious that the form was that of a female, and he stretched out his hand and said kindly,

"What fear you?—are you in trouble?—why are you hidden thus? Let me assist you if you are in pain."

"As he spoke these words, the figure slowly arose—a slight, frail, delicate form, that of a girl scarcely beyond the age of childhood, attired in the loose black dress of serge, and large capuchon, of the convent beneath the gateway of which they were standing. He took her gently by the hand and led her forward to the light. The poor girl was so terrified that she offered no resistance, and conducting her to the entrance of the passage, he gently withdrew the capuchon, with which she had covered her face, bidding her take comfort, for that he would do her no harm. The girl looked up into his countenance with an expression of anxiety and doubt, but the gentle kindness which she saw written there, must have relieved her instantly, for she exclaimed in a whisper,

"Oh no—I *know* you will not betray me—but how can you assist me? I am lost for ever!" and then she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"The youth remained gazing upon the girl, in mingled admiration and surprise. Never to this very hour, has he often said, has he beheld a face of greater beauty than that which stood thus revealed to him in the dim light. It was a small and exquisitely delicate cast of countenance, with large wild eyes and arched eyebrows, and a calm snow-white forehead, which a painter might have given to the Madonna standing at Saint Anne's knee. Her hair was hanging loose about her face; in dripping masses, from the rain through which she had passed, and the steam of the capuchon. Her small chiselled mouth was parted, and disclosed two rows of pearly teeth. But Talleyrand was mostly struck by the singular beauty of her complexion, which, although she evidently had been terrified, was not pale, but of the most vivid bloom, like the petals of the damask rose; while her eyes almost dazzled him, so bright and flashing was their lustre. By his patience and his kindly manner, he soon succeeded in winning the little maiden's confidence; and, although still in great agitation, she told him the story of her troubles, which was a singular one, and most affecting.

"She said she was a novice of the convent of the Benedictine ladies, of the *Rue de Vaugirard*, and that the passage where they were standing formed part of the premises belonging to the building. She had been in that house ever since the age of four years—she was now fifteen—and during all that time she had never once been allowed to go beyond those walls. She had often yearned most intensely, she said, to see the world, which the other novices and the *pensionnaires* had described to her as being so very beautiful. She had sometimes begged very earnestly too, to be permitted to accompany one of the lay-sisters, who went sometimes into the country, to see a sick nun of the order, who was staying there for the recovery of her health; but she had been told that out of kindness she must be refused; for as it was her destiny to pass her whole life in that old convent, it would be much better that she should behold no other place, and those who had more experience than herself could tell what regret and misery she would avoid by her ignorance of other scenes. She was to have renewed her vows of novitiate on the Thursday before, but she had been so ill that the ceremony had been deferred until the week following, and then she would enter into the last year of novitiate, and when that had passed away, she would take the black veil and be cloistered for the rest of her life. Her name, she added, was Constance de V., but she knew not of any friends or kindred which she had. A notary had always remitted to the abbess the sums necessary for the expenses of her board and education, and the dower money also was already lodged in the lady's hands, so that there was no hope—none—none—that she should ever realise her dream of beholding ever so small a portion of the world, of whose beauty she had heard so much.

"She said this with such a deep sigh, and such a yearning look towards the gloomy street where the rain still plashed in torrents, that the listener was moved almost to tears.

"But how came you here, mademoiselle?" said he, "and in this state too?" pointing to her dress, which was wet through, and clung to her form in damp and streaming folds.



"Oh, I have not told you all," replied she, hesitatingly. "I know that I have done wrong, but my punishment is great as my offence," and she looked down the dark passage towards the door with a shudder of affright. "But thus it was. I had been ill in bed for more than a week, and had grown so weary of my little cell, and last night I could not sleep for thinking of all the brightness of the world I never was to see. I prayed to the Holy Virgin to take away these wicked thoughts from my mind, but she did not think fit to give me grace, for towards morning my desire to go abroad became more intense; and so when sister Marthe, who watches me, left me, still thinking that I slept, to go to matins, I left my bed and came down, to walk for a few moments beneath the cloisters of the outer court, in the hope that the air of the place, confined as it was, might help to cool the fever of the past night. I have long been forbidden to go into the garden; they say it is too cold and damp, and that my cough will be worse than ever if I stay beneath the trees. Well, I turned round and round the court, listening to the chimes of Saint Sulpice, and thinking of what our Lady Abbess tells me I should never think of—the delight of lying in some cool green meadow, on the grass, beneath the overhanging branches of some old tree—when the tempter, who, as Sister Marthe has often told me, already half possesses my lost soul (alas; she must speak truth), led me this way—into the cloister which terminates in yonder door. It was ajar—Mother Jeanne, the *femme de peine*, had just been cleaning it with broom and pail, and had opened it to sweep the rubbish into this dark passage. How she could have left it open thus I cannot tell—yes, Sister Marthe is right—it must have been the tempter's work! My heart beat violently at sight of that open door. I thought to have fled, but I yielded to temptation, and peeped through the long dark passage into the street beyond. Scarce had I thus gazed for an instant, when I was seized with a desire so burning—so intense, to see the *Place*, which I had been told was at the end of this little street, that without a moment's reflection I rushed down the passage and was free. I meant to have merely cast one look upon the *Place*, and have returned immediately. I thought it might be possible that in this illness I might die, and it was very hard that I should leave a world, which they tell me God has made so full of beauty, without having beheld aught besides this dull old pile; so I stepped out into the street with more delight than I ought to have done, considering that I was doing that which was reprehensible. I buried my head in my capuchon, and turned boldly down the street to the left; but I had not gone far before I perceived that I must have taken the wrong direction, for as I drew near to the end I saw not the fine open square which I had been promised, but another street, more dirty and more dull than the one I had just traversed. During the walk I did not meet a soul or I think I should have fainted, for it was not till I thus stood for the first time alone and unaided that I remembered that my dress must at once betray me. I was resolved to return at once, but in the meanwhile this storm of rain came suddenly beating down with such intense fury that my dress was wet through in an instant. I ran with all the swiftness of which I was capable, to regain this dark passage; but judge of the agony of affright that I experienced on beholding the door which I had closed, and of which I had taken the key, fastened on the inside! Mother Jeanne must have perceived the absence of the key, and have bolted it within. Oh, I am lost! She has doubtless already been to tell our lady mother. They will all know 'tis I who am the guilty one, for every body else will be at matins!"

"As the poor girl concluded her story she again burst into a paroxysm of grief. The young seminariste endeavoured to soothe her, and offered to go round to the great gate to try and obtain admittance there, but the trembling child clung to him with such energy that he could not tear himself away.

"No, no, do not leave me now," exclaimed she. "I dare not be left thus alone. What shall I say when they come and find me here? They will come I know, directly, and bear me back with hootings and with shame."

"As she spoke, so great was her terror that she shook like the aspen leaf, and her companion was obliged to support her by placing his arm gently round her waist, or she would have fallen. He then perceived with great distress that this violent trembling was the spasmodic shuddering of fever; and as she placed her hand upon her bosom to still the convulsive throes, he beheld with yet greater horror that she wore nothing beneath her robe but the night dress which she had on when she left her bed. His heart was wrung at the thought of that delicate creature abroad thus—burnt with fever, and wet to the skin. It must be death to so frail and fragile a being. Something however must be done. He durst not leave her. She was in that state of mind that she might have fallen senseless to the earth if she had been left alone; neither could he drag her with him the whole length of the street through the pouring rain, in order to arrive at the great gate of the convent. The scandal would have been terrific, had they been seen together in the costume which they each wore. In the midst of this painful embarrassment, like the drowning man who clings at a straw, he went up to the door and turned the key. There was no impediment in the lock. He shook the door violently, then pushed it with all his might. Oh, God of mercy, it yields! It is not bolted, for daylight may be seen through the opening. Once more he brings all his strength to bear against the iron studded door. The drops of sweat stand like beads upon his forehead, with the anxiety of the moment and the violence of his exertions. But he is presently rewarded by the grating noise caused by the removal of the obstacle within, and the faint shriek of joy which escape the lips of the sweet Constance. She sees it all now! Mother Jeanne, in her rage for cleaning, had moved the old oaken bench from the archway of the cloister, and had placed it crosswise before the door, where it had resisted all her own puny efforts, as though it had been a wall of iron; and now her laugh of delight is so convulsive that it is more painful than were her tears and sobs. Meanwhile young Talleyrand had pushed open a space sufficient for her passage into the cloister, and he assisted her to mount the bench and pass through. The hand which she gave him, and which but a little while before had startled him by its burning touch, was now as cold as marble! He imprinted one pure and holy kiss upon it ere he closed the door for ever; and when he found that she withdrew it not, but thanked him and blessed him fervently, and called him her deliverer, and said 'that he had saved her life,' he shut the door abruptly, for he could bear no more. He stood for a moment listening at the keyhole for the sound of her retreating step. It must have been very light, however, for he heard it not. He then walked slowly home to the *seminaire*, insensible now to either wind or rain.

"The books which the young student had brought from the Sorbonne were unperused that day. His mind was too much absorbed with the memory of that beautiful maiden, and with the undefined terror which he experienced for her sake. On the morrow he walked several times completely round the convent walls, but he saw not an evidence that the building was inhabited by a single human being. On the third day he could not control his impatience, and bestowed a silver crown on the *commissionnaire* to go and ask, as if dispatched by some great lady, whose name he was to forget, for news of the health of Mademoiselle Constance de V. The answer he brought back was,

that: 'Mademoiselle Constance de V., in an attack of fever, being for a few moments unwatched, had risen from her bed and gone down into the cloisters, no doubt feeling grievously ill, and in search of assistance. It was supposed that she had wandered for some time in the quadrangle, for she was found lying drenched with wet upon the oaken bench, by the *porte de service* of the outer court. She was without sense or motion when taken up, and it was certain that she had already been dead some time (this was the private opinion of the *tourette*), although the superior would insist on having the *vaticum* administered all the same. She had been buried that very morning at daybreak, and Mademoiselle de Breteuil, the favourite *pensionnaire* of the abbess, had got the promise of her cell to keep her birds in, until the arrival of another *pensionnaire* to occupy it. The abbess was very angry with sister Marthe for having left the bedside of Mademoiselle de V., but could not punish her, it having been proved that she had only gone to matins."

"Such had been the fate of that beautiful girl! The earth already covered her, before she had even seen the light. That stealthy walk along the dreary street amid the cold and pelting rain, was all the experience she had carried to the grave of the world she had longed so ardently to see, and when the *seminariste* thought on the story of her life, and compared it with his own, he no longer had a right to complain. He had spent his childhood at least amid fresh air and free exercise wholesome to the body, and also amid the rude kindness and overwhelming affection wholesome to the mind; while the poor child whose dying grasp he almost fancied he could still feel, had never been allowed to roam beyond the gloomy precincts of her prison-house. With her innocence and loveliness she had been suffered to grow like some rank weed which springs amid the crevice of the pavement stone of the foul gaol yard, and which struggles but in vain to catch a gleam of sunshine or a breath of air until, wearied with the effort, it sinks back dead into the crevice from which it sprang.

This event made a great impression upon M. de Talleyrand, and sobered him for some time after its occurrence. He took to studying more diligently than hitherto, and shone among his competitors as brilliantly as he had already done at Louis le Grand. His speeches at the conferences which were held every month at Saint Sulpice, were judged to be masterpieces of reasoning and logic, and were thought worthy of being preserved among the records of the *seminaire*—an immense honour for so young a man. He was now seventeen: it was judged advisable that he should go to finish his theological studies 'en Sorbonne,' and it was during the short interval which elapsed between leaving the *seminaire* and entering the Sorbonne, that he first lodged at home. Note this when ye talk of the 'good old times':—the Prince de Talleyrand was seventeen years of age before he slept one single night beneath his father's roof! Well might Jean Jacques thunder forth his maledictions upon the fine ladies, the '*marâtres sans entrailles*' of his day!"

My friend here paused to my great sorrow, with all the self-complacency of a professed lion exhibitor, to descant upon the beauties of the landscape as seen from the point to which we had attained. Of course there were the well known wonders familiar to all natural-beauty-hunters ever since the world began—the seeing into so many departments—the commanding a view of so many parishes, but which always worry me to death.

"What is that ruin?" said I, pointing to a pile of rubbish which lay close at hand.

"Ah, that is no ruin," replied C., laughing, "it is just the contrary, for it is an unfinished building. The history of that 'ruin' would amuse you more than all the history of the person whose work it was. The prince calls it the '*Folie Princesse*,' and you shall have the story as we go home."—(To be continued.)

#### ANECDOTES OF GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Selwyn's habit of dozing in the House of Commons has been already noticed. He occasionally dozed in society. "We hear (says Williams) of your falling asleep standing at the old President's (Henault's), and knocking him and three more old women in the fire. Are these things true?" Walpole also hints at it. "When you have a quarter of an hour, *awake* and to spare, I wish you would bestow it on me." He is by no means singular, as might be shown by many remarkable instances besides that of Lord North, who (according to Gibbon) "might well indulge a short slumber on the Treasury bench, when supported by the majestic sense of Thurlow on the one side, and the skillful eloquence of Wedderburne on the other." Lord Byron, in one of his Journals, records a dinner party of twelve, including Sheridan, Tierney, and Erskine, of whom five were asleep before the dessert was upon the table. In another, he relates:—"At the Opposition meeting of the peers in 1812, at Lord Grenville's, where Lord Grey and he read to us the correspondence upon Moira's negotiation, I sat next to the present Duke of Grafton, and said what is to be done next? 'Wake the Duke of Norfolk' (who was snoring away near us), replied he; "I don't think the negotiators have lost anything else for us to do this turn." Considering the hours kept by modern wits and senators, they may be excused for dropping into a pleasing state of forgetfulness occasionally; but Selwyn had no such excuse. His mode of life is exhibited in a droll sketch, in a letter to himself, written by Lord Carlisle at the Spa, in 1836. "I rise at six; am on horseback till breakfast; play at cricket till dinner; and dance in the evening till I can scarce crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you! You get up at nine; play with Raton till twelve in your nightgown; then creep down to White's to abuse Fanshawe; are five hours at table; sleep till you can escape your supper reckoning; then make two wretches carry you, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling."

Wits are seldom given to ruralities. Jekyll used to say that, if compelled to live in the country, he would have the road before his door paved like a street, and hire a hackney coach to drive up and down all day long. Selwyn partook largely of this feeling. The state of a gentleman's cellar was then, whatever it may be now, a fair indication of the use he made of his house, and Matson was very slenderly stocked. When Gilly Williams took up his quarters there, passing through Gloucester, he writes—"I asked Ball to dine here, but he is too weak to venture so far; so the Methodist and I will taste your new and old claret. I have been down in the cellar: there are about nine bottles of old, and five dozen of new." Yet Matson was a highly agreeable residence, charmingly situated, and rich in historical associations. Charles II. and James II. (both boys at the time) were quartered there during the siege of Gloucester by the Royalists in 1643; and they amused themselves by cutting out their names, with various irregular emblems, on the window-shutters.

During one of his brief electioneering visits at Matson, Selwyn took it into his head to perform Justiceship; for (as Fielding observes with reference to a similar attempt on the part of Squire Western) it was, indeed, a syllable more than justice. "What the devil (exclaims Gilly Williams) could tempt you to



act as justice of the peace? This is Trapolin with a vengeance! What! evidence, party, and judge too! If you do not make it up with the man soon, some rogue of an attorney will plague your heart out in the King's Bench. His gardener had been guilty of some peculation, for which Selwyn, without ceremony committed him.

A little over-eagerness might be excused, as one of his strongest peculiarities, was a passion for the details of criminal justice, from the warrant to the rope. His friends made a point of gratifying it by sending the earliest intelligence of remarkable crimes, criminals, trials, and executions, as well as every anecdote they could collect concerning them. When Walpole's house in Arlington Street was broken open, his first care, after securing the robber, was to send for Selwyn. "I dispatched a courier to White's for George, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily that the Drawer who received my message has very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and said, "Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Walpole's compliments, and he's got a housebreaker for you." Gilly Williams, having no housebreaker for him, sends him a story about one instead:—"I will give you a Newgate anecdote, which I had from a gentleman who called on P. Lewis the night before the execution, and heard one runner call to another and order a chicken boiled for Rice's supper; "but," says he, "you need not be curious about the sauce, for he is to be hanged to-morrow." "That is true," says the other, "but the Ordinary supps with him, and you know he is a devil of a fellow for butter." If the continental air has not altered you, this will please you; at least I have known the time when you have gone a good way for such a morsel."

The best stories regarding his taste for executions are related by Walpole, and well known. Innumerable are the jokes levelled at him for his peculiarity. The best is the first Lord Holland's, who was dying. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls, show him up. If I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead, he will be glad to see me." Lord Holland was not the only statesman of the period who could joke under such circumstances. Mr. Legge (the story is Gilly Williams's) told a very fat fellow who came to see him the day he died—"Sir, you are a great weight; but, let me tell you, you are in at the death." Another of the same gentleman's stories is probably meant as a warning—"I remember a man seeing a military execution in Hyde Park, and when it was over, he turned about and said, "By G—, I thought there was more in it!" He shot himself the next morning."

The writer of a letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for April, 1791, supposed to be the Rev. Dr. Warner, makes a gallant effort to rescue Selwyn's memory from what he terms an unjust and injurious imputation. After urging that nothing could be more abhorrent from Selwyn's character, and that he had the most tender and benevolent of hearts, he thus proceeds:—"This idle but wide-spread idea of his being fond of executions (of which he never in his life attended but at one, and that rather accidentally from its lying in his way, than from design), arose from the pleasantries which it pleased Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and the then Lord Chesterfield, to propagate from that one attendance, for the amusement of their common friends. Of the easiness with which such things sat upon him, you may judge from the following circumstance, which I have heard him more than once relate. Sir Charles was telling a large company a similar story to that of his attending upon executions with many strokes of rich humour received with great glee, before his face, when a gentleman who sat next to the object of their mirth, said to him in a low voice—"It is strange, George, so intimate as we are, that I should never have heard of this story before." "Not at all strange," he replied in the same voice, "for Sir Charles has just invented it, and knows that I will not by contradiction spoil the pleasure of the company he is so highly entertaining."

Dr. Johnson disliked Foote; but when one of the company, at a dinner-party at Dilly's, called him a Merryandrew, a buffoon, the sage at once declared that he had wit; and added—"The first time I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on taking my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back on my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible." It was said to be impossible to take Foote unawares, or put him out. As he was telling a story at a fine dinner party, a gentleman, to try him, pulled him by the coat-tail, and told him that his handkerchief was hanging out. "Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it, "you know the company better than I do," and went on with his story.

We shall here quote some of the best of Selwyn's witticisms and pleasantries: they occupy little room, and there is nothing more provoking than to be told of "the well-known anecdote" which one does not know.

When a subscription was proposed for Fox, and some one was observing that it would require some delicacy, and wondering how Fox would take it—"Take it! why, quarterly to be sure."

When one of the Foley family crossed the Channel to avoid his creditors—"It is a *pass over* that will not be much relished by the Jews."

When Fox was boasting of having prevailed on the French court to give up the gum trade—"As you have permitted the French to draw your *teeth*, they would be fools, indeed, to quarrel with you about your *gums*."

When Walpole, in allusion to the sameness of the system of politics continued in the reign of George the Third, observed—"But there is nothing new under the sun."—"No," said Selwyn, "nor under the *grandson*." One night, at White's, observing the Postmaster-General, Sir Everard Fawkener, losing a large sum of money at piquet, Selwyn, pointing to the successful player, remarked—"See how he is robbing the mail!"

On another occasion, in 1756, observing Mr. Ponsonby, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, tossing about bank-bills at a hazard-table at Newmarket—"Look, how easily the Speaker passes the *money-bills*!"

The beautiful Lady Coventry was exhibiting to him a splendid new dress, covered with large silver spangles, the size of a shilling, and inquired of him whether he admired her taste—"Why," he said, "you will be *change for a guinea*."

This bears a strong resemblance to one of Lord Mansfield's judicial pleasantries. Sergeant Davy was cross-examining a Jew at great length, in order to prove his insufficiency as bail. The sum was small, and the Jew was dressed in a suit of clothes bedizened with silver lace. Lord Mansfield at length interfered—"Come, come, brother Davy, don't you see the man would burn for the money!"

At the sale of the effects of the minister, Mr. Pelham, Selwyn, pointing to a silver dinner-service, observed—"Lord, how many toads have been eaten off these plates!"

A namesake of Charles Fox having been hung at Tyburn, Fox inquired of

Selwyn whether he had attended the execution—"No, I make a point of never frequenting *rehearsals*."

A fellow-passenger in a coach, imagining from his appearance that he was suffering from illness, kept wearying him with good-natured inquiries as to the state of his health. At length, to the repeated question of "How are you now, sir?" Selwyn replied—"Very well, I thank you; and I mean to continue so for the rest of the journey."

He was one day walking with Lord Pembroke, when they were besieged by a number of young chimney-sweepers, who kept plaguing them for money. At length Selwyn made them a low bow: "I have often," he said, "heard of the sovereignty of the people; I suppose your Highnesses are in court mourning."

The late Duke of Queensberry, who lived in the most intimate friendship with him, told me that Selwyn was present at a public dinner with the Mayor and Corporation of Gloucester, in the year 1758, when the intelligence arrived of our expedition having failed before Rochfort. The Mayor, turning to Selwyn, "You, sir," said he, "who are in the ministerial secrets, can, no doubt, inform us of the cause of this misfortune?" Selwyn, though utterly ignorant on the subject, yet unable to resist the occasion of amusing himself at the inquirer's expense—"I will tell you, in confidence, the reason, Mr. Mayor," answered he; "the fact is, that the scaling-ladders prepared for the occasion were found, on trial, to be too short." This solution, which suggested itself to him at the moment, was considered by the Mayor to be perfectly explanatory of the failure, and as such he communicated it to all his friends—not being aware, though Selwyn was, that Rochfort lies on the river Charente, some leagues from the sea-shore, and that our troops had never even effected a landing on the French coast."

Mr. Jesse has omitted the capital reply to the man, who, being cut by Selwyn in London, came up and reminded him that they had been acquainted at Bath. "I remember it very well; and when we next meet at Bath, I shall be happy to be acquainted with you again."

Once, and once only, was he guilty of verse—

*On a Pair of Shoes found in a Lady's Bed.*

"Well may suspicion shake its head,

Well may Clarinda's spouse be jealous,

When the dear wanton takes to bed

Her very shoes because they're fellows."

Selwyn died at his house in Cleveland Row, January 25, 1791. He had been for many years a severe sufferer from gout and dropsy; and Wilberforce describes him as looking latterly like the wax figure of a corpse. He continued to haunt the clubs till within a short period before his death; but Mr. Jesse assures us that he died penitent, and that the Bible was frequently read to him at his own request during his last illness. By his will he gave £33,000 to Maria Fagniani; £100 each to his two nephews; his wardrobe and £30 a-year to his valet; and the residue of his property to the Duke of Queensberry, with the exception of Ludgershall, which was entailed on the Townshend family.

Edinburgh Review.

## CAMPAIGNING IN INDIA.

BY A LATE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF THE 13TH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

A difference with friends having made me determine to quit the law for the army, upon a principle of independence, in the bleak month of October, 1833, I left "Sweet Home," and presented myself at the rendezvous of the 13th Light Dragoons, then recruiting at Leeds, in the county of York, and after passing the usual preliminaries, was "attested" to serve in the regiment above mentioned, the head-quarters of which were at Bangalore, in the East Indies, with the depot at Maidstone, in Kent, where I joined a few days after. The notions I had previously formed, eminently fitted me for the novel and unsettled career I was commencing, and I can safely say, that from my enlistment until the time of purchasing my discharge, which occurred nearly eight years afterwards, I never once sincerely regretted the change. I remained in garrison at Maidstone about eighteen months during twelve of which I was a non-commissioned officer, and in June, 1835, was ordered for Madras, with twenty-nine others. We embarked on the 10th, at Gravesend, on board the good ship *Heroiné*, and sailed on the 12th.

We were all in high glee at the novelty of our situation, and from the glowing descriptions I had read of India, I thought the exchange would be for the best; but this impression, like most other chimeras, vanished on reaching its shores. About the 14th we passed the Isle of Wight, close in shore, which was the last land we saw until reaching Pondicherry, a French settlement on the coast of India. I had kept a *log*, in which I made daily entries of anything that occurred worthy notice during the voyage, my own reflections inclusive, as they came uppermost; but this cherished memoranda, together with all my correspondence with friends since entering the service, I unfortunately lost in a storm off the Cape of Good Hope, my chest being forced from its lashings by the rolling of the ship, burst open, and the contents scattered about the orlop deck, where there was near a foot of water, and the violent immersion so obliterated their contents, that to decipher the few fragments I gathered together, was as hopeless a task as Robinson Crusoe's, after his monkey's obliteration of his manuscripts. However, I retained, and still retain, a lively recollection of what my feelings were on leaving my native land, and gazing, perhaps for the last time, upon the white cliffs of Britain. It was sunset, and as our vessel glided smoothly past the lofty eminence of this island, all the feelings of home and severed ties rushed madly through my brain, and had I been left without company to divert these melancholy thoughts, I should probably never have seen the coast of India. But this feeling was not long allowed to trouble me amongst my noisy companions, many of whom, had no ties which bound them to their native isle, and therefore, less regretted the separation.

Our voyage was pleasant and prosperous until we arrived off the Cape; at this place we were in great danger. Our crew consisted of but fourteen European sailors and about forty natives, being a mixture of Hindoos, Malays, and Arabs, who up to this period had shown themselves pretty good sailors; but we had now to experience rough weather, when these worthies were fully tested. Having approached within a short distance of the Cape with very mild weather, we were alarmed, about nine in the evening, by a sudden squall. We had stunsails set at the time, every thing having promised a fine night, but the storm continued to increase till about eleven, when it became terrific. In the meantime, the native sailors, with but three exceptions, had skulked below, into the long boat, amongst the pigs and sheep, or into any other place that afforded them shelter. All other hands were now turned upon deck to assist the crew, and through their inexperience, one poor fellow, who was seated on the main-yard-arm, got frightfully crushed between the yard-arm and mast, whilst reefing the main-sail, from our party hauling up the yard-arm before the order was given by the captain. The storm continued two days and nights, but



Providence watched over us, as well as "poor Jack," and we escaped without further damage than a few broken spars and ropes, and about a foot of water on our decks.

We reached Madras on the 15th September following, without more bad weather, and with but one casualty, a poor fellow who died. This was the first funeral at sea I had witnessed, and although the service for the dead on shore is solemnly impressive, yet on the deep, deep sea, in a frail bark many thousand miles from land, it is doubly so. You form, as it were, a little community, apart from the rest of the world, and one of your number is doubly missed. Then the ceremony of sewing the corpse in the hammock it was wont to rest in, the placing weights to the feet to sink it, and when launched over the gangway it is committed to the deep, the splash of the water as it closes over the body, the booming of the gun fired on the occasion, all conspire to awaken feelings that must touch the hardest hearts. And then the imposing spectacle of the rough tars who stand around, for once with serious looks, perhaps thinking that, from their course of life, the same element may close o'er them without one friend nigh who is really interested in their fate. I have since seen death in almost every shape; but nowhere have I so seriously considered it as at sea, where a slight accident might consign the whole to the devouring element.

Having arrived in the Madras Roads, we commenced our disembarkation about three p. m., and were all on shore by six. Our vessel could not get within above a mile of the land, on account of a very strong and dangerous surf which runs here; we were, therefore, landed in boats rowed by the natives who here proved themselves good fresh watermen, though previously but craven sailors. Our baggage also on shore, we commenced our march the same evening for Poonamalee, a distance of sixteen miles, where is a station for the reception of troops on their first reaching India, and until such time as they can march to join their respective regiments. Troops generally arrive from England in the months of September and October, about which time the monsoons set in with great violence, and render it exceedingly dangerous for fresh arrivals to be on the march; in consequence of which they are generally detained here until January. It is scarcely possible for any person to imagine, but those who have made a three or four months' voyage, what a miserable plight we were in for footing it a distance of sixteen miles, after our long confinement and want of exercise at sea. It was, however, to be accomplished, and, although the sun had set, yet there was a close, sultry, and sickly sensation that at once dispelled all romantic visions previously formed of India.

We arrived at what is termed the "half-way house," about nine p. m., much fatigued. Here we received some refreshment in the shape of two draughts of arrack and a biscuit. We then resumed our march, but many were unable to reach their destination that night, and after a nap by the road-side rejoined us the following morning. Such was the commencement of our career in India, and many out of the twenty-eight who landed that day were, in a few short months, and before reaching the head-quarters of the Regiment, numbered with the dead.

Our stay at Poonamalee was until the 10th of January, 1836, when as many as were left, about twenty-four, marched two hundred miles into the interior, and joined the regiment at Bangalore. We reached our destination on the 1st February, 1836, with the loss of one of our party. Here we were to be stationed until some warlike demonstration of the native Princes should call the regiment to the field; but of this there was little expectation, as they had been tranquil upwards of eighteen years. But *a-propos* to our march,—I must here retrace my steps to mention a few incidents which befel our party on the route from Poonamalee to Bangalore. Our march commenced each morning about four, and the distance to be accomplished was about twelve or fourteen miles. We gained our destination the first day without the assistance of a guide, but for the next we had to get one from the village near which we encamped. The way in which we obtained guides from place to place is not unworthy of notice. The day's march is so arranged as to have the encampment near some village. The "Kylladar," or native magistrate, is applied to for the purpose of furnishing a guide for the following morning. On this application he sends out a Peon, or native constable, who presses some one of the villagers acquainted with the road into the service. This person is brought and lodged in the guard-tent the same evening, and on the commencement of the next day's march he proceeds at the head of the party with a lighted torch in his hand, and thus conducts the troops to their halting-place, where he is dismissed, and another is pressed in his stead at the village; and so on, from day to day.

On their return to the village from which they started they are paid a small sum by the Kylladar for their trouble. These guides generally have a great objection to be thus employed; and if a very sharp look-out be not kept by the guard, they will be sure to leave the escort in the lurch. Our party were often served this trick during the march, and we had as often, as the military phrase is, "to sit and dig for daylight." On one particular occasion we were served in this way within a day's march of the foot of the Neckanary Pass, which divides the territories of the Carnatic and Mysore. The place is noted for a nest of Pindarhees, or robbers, who infest this part of the country. The peon to wards evening brought us a powerfully-built man, as our guide for the ensuing morning, and we lodged him, as we supposed, safely, in one corner of our guard-tent. His rice was brought to him, of which he partook, and seemed greatly delighted with his situation. Some of us gave him cheroots to smoke; in fact, everything was done by the guard to make him comfortable for the night. Every two hours, when the guard was relieved, it was the duty of the sentry posted at the guard-tent to see that the guide was forthcoming. On the sentry being posted at two o'clock, on looking towards the corner, the bird was flown. He had effected his escape during the short time the sentry was being relieved. In about five minutes afterwards a noise was heard in our small encampment; and, on the guard turning out to ascertain what had occurred, it was found that one of the Bandy-Currahs, or bullock-drivers, had lost one of his bullocks, which was being driven away, as supposed, by some of the Pindarhees. We followed the road pointed out by the man, who, by-the-bye, was dreadfully frightened, thanking his lucky stars he had not been strangled (strangled), and by the light of the moon we observed, at some distance, the bullock scampering across the country, with a native at his heels, who proved to be no other than our runaway guide. We soon neared him, when some of the party loaded their carbines with blank ammunition, and fired, which so frightened the poor fellow that he stopped short and begged for mercy. He was brought back to the guard-tent and fastened to the centre pole, and thus secured till morning. When the party commenced their march the following morning he was placed between a file of men, to guide us to our destination, and on our arrival was handed over to the Kylladar of the village, to be dealt with according to his demerits. We had frequent instances of this during our march from Poonamalee to Bangalore, and it invariably happened that these fellows managed to escape whenever opportunity was afforded. We have frequently had to search for a hut, and when found have been compelled to drag the native from his wife and family, to guide

us to the next village, so great was their antipathy to the office, though so much better paid than by their ordinary occupation.

A rather laughable incident occurred the following night, on our arrival at the foot of the pass. Serjeant-Major Grey, who had previously borne a commission in his Majesty's Service, joined us at Poonamalee, being transferred from the 16th Lancers, in Bengal, to the 13th Light Dragoons. Being rather a *distingué* character, though now in the ranks, he had a tent pitched each day immediately outside the lines of the encampment, which was occupied by himself and Serjeant-Major Anderson and his wife a very pretty little woman. During the night the Serjeant-Major, and his wife slept in the bandy, or covered cart, close to the tent, with their luggage. It so happened that on the night of which I am writing we were encamped at the foot of the Neckanary Pass. The guard were cautioned to keep a vigilant watch, as it was known that we had robbers in our vicinity. About midnight the camp was disturbed by the Pindarhees attempting to drive off our bullocks, and in this they partially succeeded; at the same time they attempted to plunder the bandy in which our Serjeant-Major and his wife were sleeping. Seeing a tent with it, they naturally concluded that the party slept there, but in this they were mistaken. One of them approached the bandy, and inserted his hand to lay hold of anything that came readily within his grasp; and in so doing, placed it over the face of Mrs. Anderson, whose cries quickly rang through the encampment, and put the Pindarhees to flight. In the morning it was discovered we had escaped with the loss of two or three bullocks.

The following morning we commenced a very difficult day's march up the pass, which is about six miles in extent. All hands had here to "lend their shoulders to the wheel" in good earnest, to get our baggage up; and having arrived at the summit, we again formed our camp. In the afternoon we made a party into the jungle to shoot a few hares and doves, which abound here, and in our peregrinations we fell in with many pit-falls formed by the natives to catch the tigers, which had a few years before been very numerous at this place; but in consequence of a reward of several pagodas a-head being offered for them by the Indian Government, they had been nearly exterminated. After quitting the vicinity of this pass, our march was undisturbed, till we reached Bangalore.

Bangalore is a much more healthy station than Poonamalee. It is a very handsome cantonment, the officers' bungalows and the barracks extending for many miles round. There is also a very good bazaar, where may be purchased almost every article from a needle to an anchor; and were it not for the diseases incidental to the European constitution in India, it would be well adapted for a permanent settlement. The life of a soldier here presented little variation. We rose about four in the morning, and our routine of duties embraced field-days, riding, drill, and grooming, generally over by eight a. m. During the rest of the day scarcely anything was done, except furnishing a guard. Horses were again groomed about five in the evening, and a guard mounted over them at seven, and thus closed the day's duty. Each man was served with a dram of arrack whilst grooming his horse, morning and evening. There were near 5000 troops stationed here, of whom about 2000 were Europeans.

Major-General Sir Hugh Gough, lately so distinguished in China and India, at this time commanded the Mysore division, and the troops in cantonment were frequently ordered out for sham fights, which were truly brilliant affairs. We had a fine level country over which to work, and we generally mustered on these occasions a force of near 4000 men,—European and Native. The sight was very grand and inspiring, and such as is rarely or ever met with in England. This sort of drill greatly improved the troops for active service, and the speed with which all cavalry and horse artillery movements were executed, I have never before or since seen equalled at home; in fact, there are few opportunities afforded of mustering so large a force for manoeuvres, and even if there were, I am not sure there is any place where there is spare ground sufficient for this purpose. The 13th Light Dragoons, from their bold style of riding, have, for many years, earned the *sobriquet* of "The Bangalore Gallopers." At that time Lord Brudenell, now the Earl of Cardigan, on his overland route to join the 11th Light Dragoons, became the guest of our gallant Colonel for a few days; and having reviewed the regiment, is reported to have said, "that he never witnessed troops move with such speed and regularity,"—a compliment richly merited by the old 13th. A ball was given by the officers of the regiment, in honour of his Lordship and Lady Brudenell, at which all the *élite* of the cantonment was present. The mess-room, which was one of the most superb in the East, was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The Brudenell arms were richly displayed, and the motto of the 13th, "Viret in æternum," and a list of its Peninsular achievements, shone conspicuously forth. Tents were pitched along the gardens, beautifully illuminated, and a brilliant company of not less than 400, including a great number of ladies, gave a fine effect to the scene. The regiment did not, at any time, lack their share of amusements. We had a very good racquet and fives-court, skittle ground, and various other athletic sports, besides an extensive library belonging to the regiment. Such was our life until the 7th March, 1839. The Indian character has been so ably portrayed by many writers, that I might fail in attempting to improve upon it; but the many opportunities I had of tracing it, may enable me to delineate one not uninteresting trait, which, I think, has hitherto been omitted.

Walking out one evening whilst at this station, my attention was called to a party of natives who, by their violent gesticulations and shouts, were evidently quarrelling. Urged by curiosity, I approached, and a scene presented itself not unlike what may be occasionally met with at Billingsgate, or in the parlours of St. Giles'. The most prominent actors were two fellows pulling each other's hair, and making good use of their tongues and talons: but suddenly there was a cessation of hostilities. This I at first attributed to my approach, but shortly found I was not of so much consequence. A very venerable man, with a flowing grey beard, approached the party: his costume bespoke him a traveller. They gathered round him to the number of about a dozen. The old man seated himself at the foot of the nearest tree, and the disputants and others formed a half circle in front of him. He then addressed them, and proceeded to inquire into the nature of their quarrel. After hearing both sides of the question, and interrogating some of the by-standers, he gave his opinion which he thought the injured party. The old man now rose, having completed his duties of arbitrator, and receiving the "salams" of the party, continued his way. The disputants exchanged a leaf of pock, tobacco, and a betel-nut which they use, and departed also, each his own way, apparently well satisfied with the old man's award. All this occurred in less time than it has taken me to relate it. This is not by any means a solitary instance of my having witnessed arbitrations of this nature. I have often remarked in the native character the great veneration they have for their elders, and their conduct in this instance might be copied with advantage by more civilized nations.

But to return to my story. On the 6th March, 1839, we were reused from



our state of inactivity by the arrival of a route from the head-quarters of the army for one-half our regiment to commence its march on the following day towards Bellary, about two hundred miles higher up the country. Many were the speculations on our intended march; but for what purpose we were required we could not imagine, further than rumour led us to suppose that we should have some work cut out for us ere we returned. I on this occasion volunteered from the left to the right wing, to join the party ordered for service.

We commenced our route on the 7th, and reached Bellary on the 28th, after twenty-one days' march, without a single casualty, the weather being very favourable. On our arrival at Bellary, we formed a camp on a plain outside the fort, where we remained a week, and were then ordered to move, and occupy the barracks inside the fort, in which the 39th European Regiment were at this time lying, and from our tents, during the week, we had seen numbers daily carried in doolies to the general hospital with the cholera. The news of our removal was, therefore, anything but agreeable; for as yet we had not had a death since leaving Bangalore. On the 4th April, we marched into the fort, and many have since averred that they felt a fearful presentiment the morning they crossed its arched entrance, that numbers who were then there would never quit it alive; and this fearful presentiment soon began to be realized; for in less than forty-eight hours after our entrance, several cases of cholera had appeared amongst our detachment, and many in a few hours more died. Indeed, the fort was so crowded with troops, that we were compelled to convert a barrack-room into an hospital, with nothing but a slight partition of matting, half-roof high, between those who were as yet unattacked, and those who were suffering from this dreadful malady; and it was truly disheartening to hear the poor fellows' moans and cries. I refrain here from entering into the terrible details of deaths; but in the course of ten days from entering the fort, and before we could receive an order from the head-quarters of the army at Madras to move into camp, we had buried thirty-six men—a severe loss out of our small body.

For the information of such of my readers as may not know the frightful rapidity with which this disease carries off its victims, I will mention one instance, out of many, which occurred to a most intimate and esteemed comrade, with whom I had been on the closest terms of friendship since entering the Service. His name was Williams, and he belonged to a highly respectable family in London. Whilst riding round the outside of the fort one morning in watering order, he rode up to my side, and complained of sudden illness. I immediately applied to the officer in command of the watering-party, who directed his removal to the hospital. I went with him there, and left him to the care of the Surgeon, and rejoined my party. I called in about three hours after the morning duties were over, to see him; but, alas! my poor friend was no more, and instead of the handsome form and face I had seen a few hours previously, I now beheld a blackened spectacle, with features convulsed from the extreme agony he must have suffered in his last struggles for life.

Our party generally were so enfeebled by the oppressive heat and unhealthiness of the place, that it was with the greatest difficulty many could saddle their horses the morning we were ordered to quit the fort. A few days previously to leaving this place, our junior Lieutenant-Colonel, an old Waterloo officer, joined to take the command of our detachment, and on his entering the fort, he inquired of the guard "how the d—l we lived there," remarking at the same time, with a bitterness of speech worthy of the soldier's friend, that "There is only a sheet of brown paper between this and h—l!"

On leaving this miserable place, we marched about three miles and formed an encampment within about a half mile of the range of rocks which extend from the fort, and by which we were surrounded on one side. If memory serves me, we remained here for about a fortnight. Our sick, who formed no inconsiderable number, were placed in tents a short distance from the other parts of the camp; in fact, they occupied as many tents as those in health. I was one amongst the sick list, labouring under the effects of what is termed "rock fever," and never can I forget the awful storm which visited us here one night about eleven o'clock. The rain had been falling all the evening, and the wind was whistling amongst the neighbouring rocks, but there was no anticipation of what was to follow. The camp was quiet, save the moans of such poor fellows as were struggling with the dreaded cholera, when suddenly the rain fell literally in torrents, and the wind increased to such a degree that our largest tent, which contained the worst cases of sickness, was blown down, burying the poor fellows beneath its drenched folds, many of whom were on the point of death. Several smaller tents shared the same fate, and this, mingled with the vivid flashes of lightning, which showed more fearfully our disastrous state, and the dismal howling of the jackalls among the rocks, as if anxious for the remains of the dying, was truly fearful. The poor fellows were extricated as soon as possible, and removed to such tents as were left standing, and the natives attached to us were set to work to pitch the fallen ones again. Great thanks are due to our Hospital Sergeant, Kilmain, for his exertions on this dreadful night; he was in every part of the camp, stimulating the natives to greater efforts by his example, and when he caught one shirking his duty, he would not fail to remind him of it with a hearty cuff.

The jackalls in this part of the country are very numerous, and the howling after sunset is truly frightful. Whilst the cholera was raging amongst our small party, it was the custom to change ground a mile or two every second or third day. Sometimes near the ground we were quitting, we had buried several of our comrades, and in marching past the place the following day, I have often noticed some part of the body torn to the surface of the earth from the grave by these savage brutes, and a mangled leg or arm exposed, bared of its flesh. Coffins were out of the question; the corpse was sewn up in the coverlid of the bed, and thus committed to "mother earth," frequently within a couple of feet of the surface, and thus became an easier prey. Such is the ferocity of these animals, they will venture into the middle of the camp in an evening, in search of their prey, and even cross the line of march at an easy pace, as fearless of the living as the dead.

#### GRACE CONNELL.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Cork is the great "outlet" for emigrants from the south of Ireland, and the Australian Emigration Society have an agent there. Their plans appear to be conducted very judiciously, and, although it can never be aught but a melancholy sight to see the most useful and valuable of its home produce exported to enrich distant lands, when there are so many thousand acres, unproductive, in all directions around them, the evil is greatly lessened by prudent and sensible arrangements, in transmitting them to the scene of their future labours. We are not at present, about to consider the anomalies and contradictions of Ireland—her natural advantages and destitute population—her land wanting labour and her people wanting employment—or, as it was epigrammatically expressed by "a patriot" at Bannow, "lands wanting hands and hands wanting

lands;" but there is no disputing the fact, that, under existing circumstances, emigration to some extent is a necessary evil.

We stood, in the month of June, on the Quay of Cork to see some emigrants embark in one of the steamers for Falmouth, on their way to Australia. The band of exiles amounted to two hundred, and an immense crowd had assembled to bid them a long and last adieu. The scene was touching to a degree; it was impossible to witness it without heart-pain and tears. Mothers hung upon the necks of their athletic sons; young girls clung to elder sisters; fathers—old white-headed men—fell upon their knees, with arms uplifted to heaven, imploring the protecting care of the Almighty on their departing children.

"Och," exclaimed one aged woman, "all's gone from me in the wide world when you're gone! Sure you was all I had left—of seven sons—but you! Oh Dennis, Dennis, never forget your mother—your mother!—don't avourneen—your poor old mother, Dennis!" and Dennis, a young man—though the sun was shining on his grey hair—supported "his mother" in his arms until she fainted, and then he lifted her into a small car that had conveyed his baggage to the vessel, and kissing a weeping young woman who leaned against the horse, he said, "I'll send home for you both, Peggy, in the rise of next year; and ye'll be a child to her from this out, till then, and then, avourneen, you'll be my own."

When we looked again the young man was gone, and Peggy had wound her arms round the old woman, while another girl held a broken cup of water to her lips.

Amid the din, the noise, the turmoil, the people pressing and rolling in vast masses towards the place of embarkation like the waves of the troubled sea, there were many such episodes. Men, old men, too, embracing each other and crying like children. Several passed bearing most carefully little relics of their homes—the branch of a favourite hawthorn tree, whose sweet blossoms and green leaves were already withered, or a bunch of meadow-sweet. Many had a long switch of the "witch hazel," doubtless to encircle the ground whereon they slept in a foreign land, so, as, according to the universal superstition, to prevent the approach of any venomous reptile or poisonous insect. One girl we saw with a gay little goldfinch in a cage—she and her sister were town-bred, and told us they had learned "lace-work" from the good ladies at the convent "that look'd so beautiful on the banks of the Cork river," and then they burst out weeping again, and clung together as if to assure each other that, sad as it was to leave their country, they would be together in exile.

On the deck of the steamer there was less confusion than might have been expected. The hour of departure was at hand—the police had torn asunder several who at the last would not be separated—and as many as could find room were leaning over the side speechless, yet eloquent in gesture, expressing their adieux to their friends and relatives on shore. In the midst of the agitation, a fair-haired boy and girl were sitting tranquilly, yet sadly, watching over a very fine white Angora cat that was carefully packed in a basket.

"We are going out to papa and mamma with nurse," they said, in an unmitigated brogue; "but we are very sorry to leave dear Ireland, for all that." Their father had, we imagine, been a prosperous settler.

"Oh, Ireland, mavourneen—oh, my own dear country—and it is myself that's for leaving you after giving ye the sweat of my brow and the love of my heart for forty years!" said a strong man, whose features were convulsed with emotion while he grasped his children tightly to his bosom.

"And remember your promise, Mogue, remember your promise; not to let my bones rest in the strange country, Mogue," said his wife; "but to send me home when I'm dead to my own people in Kileera—that's my consolation."

It is impossible to describe the final parting. Shrieks and prayers, blessings and lamentations, mingled in "one great cry" from those on the quay, and those on shipboard, until a band stationed in the fore-castle struck up "St. Patrick's day."

"Bate the brains out of the big drum, or ye'll not stifle the women's cries," said one of the sailors to the drummer. We left the vessel and her crowd of clean, well-dressed, and perfectly sober emigrants with deep regret, that, while there are in Ireland so many miles of unreclaimed land, such a freight should be conveyed from her shores. The communicating plank was withdrawn; the steamer moved forward majestically on its way. Some, overcome with emotion, fell down on the deck, others waved hats, handkerchiefs, and hands, to their friends; the band played louder; and the crowds on shore rushed forward simultaneously, determined to see the last of those they loved. We heard a feeble voice exclaim, "Dennis, Dennis, don't forget your mother—your poor old mother."

The evening that succeeded this agitating morning was calm and balmy. We desired to examine the scene of the morning's turmoil, and drove along the quay; it was lonely and deserted, save by a few stragglers. We continued our drive until the signs of immediate traffic were widely scattered. We passed through the village of Douglas, once famous for its sail-sloth manufactory, and proceeded onward until the Cork river widened into a mimic sea, called Lough Mahon. We drove slowly, enjoying the rare and exquisitely varied landscape, until our attention was attracted by a woman standing by the water's brink, whose eyes were looking towards the sea-path where it leads to the broad Atlantic. There was something firm and statue-like in her figure, and her face had an earnest intense expression, that accorded with her high Spanish features and dark hair; a large shawl enveloped her head and draped her shoulders, her legs and feet were bare. We drove on about half a mile further, and when we returned she was there still on the same spot, with the same fixed and earnest gaze over the waters. This excited our curiosity, and the information we received was a very striking and gratifying illustration of the devotedness of woman's love.

"I have known her," said an old fisherman, "for four-and-twenty years—almost ever since she was born, and I must say—Ah! there ye stand, Grace Connell, and a better woman never looked with a tearful eye, or a batin' heart, along the waters." And what do you think her distress is now? An 'troth—like all tender people—the trouble is seldom altogether away from her; she could only look to themselves, the kind have a pulse for all the world. Grace Connell doesn't say belong to Cork, but her father came here soon after she was born, a widow-man with only her; he settled down in Cove, and it wasn't long till he married again. And Grace's stepmother was kinder, I believe, than most of her like; anyhow when she died—which she did after being a wife about two years—Grace, and she little more than a slip of a child, took wonderfully to the baby the stepmother left, and every one wondered how one so young could manage an infant so well. Grace would mend her father's nets and things, keep all clean and comfortable, and yet find time to be with her little sister in summer shade and winter sunshine; finding out what best she'd like, what best would do her good, and learning her all she knew—not much to be sure—but her all. Nell grew up the contrary to Grace in all things, a giddy



goose of a puss of a girl, yet the purtiest ever seen in the Cove; and the hand of God was heavy over them, for, while they were both young, the father died. But Grace Connell kept herself and her sister well, for she's wonderfully handy and industrious; and as was natural, in Ireland anyhow, Grace got a sweet-heart, a fine handsome steady boy as you'd meet in a day's walk, and a clever hand at his trade. Now if Grace was steady, John Casey was steadier ten times over, and every one said they were just made for each other. And they took on at the 'courting' different to most, because they agreed to wait till John was out of his time before they got married. Weeks and months passed, and Nell grew up beautiful, a wild half-sailor sort of a girl, who could furl a sail or scull a boat, and sing say songs, and, all the while, was as shy and as proud as Barry Oge himself. Grace sometimes had a misgiving in her own mind that John was not as fond of her as he used to be; but then he had a quiet English sort of dry way with him, that led her off the notion again. One Sunday evening in particular they, that is Grace and Nelly and John, were down nearly opposite where you saw Grace standing. Grace was sitting on the strand, and John by her side. While Nell was amusing herself climbing among the cliffs, and singing like a wild bird, two or three times they warned her not to be so venturesome, but she'd only laugh at them and be the more fearless; and soon Grace saw that John was watching Nell instead of listening to her, and both remained silent.

"All of a sudden, as Nell was reaching over the edge to pull some sea-pinks, she fell in, the rocks were sharp just there, and the water deep—and when Grace got to the spot, Nell was floating out with the tide, and the water red with her blood. John was a fine swimmer, and with a word, which even then Grace felt, he jumped in and brought her to shore in his arms in a few minutes; but before the sun set that had shone upon those three, Grace saw by him in his madness, as he hung over her still senseless sister, that it was Nell he loved now—as he once said he had loved Grace.

"I didn't wonder at it," said Grace Connell to my wife, who was her mother's own first cousin, "I didn't wonder at his changing, for that night when I caught sight of myself in the glass, after looking at that fair young creature as she lay, like a bruised water-lily, on our little bed: I thought how much there was in the differ; and sure I couldn't be angry that she twined round mine; didn't we both help to rear her, as I may say, and the only dread in life I shall have, I know, when I get over the disappointment, will be, that she won't love John as long and steadily as I have done."

"My wife," added the old man, "is anything but tender-hearted, yet she cried like a child to hear Grace talk that way; so steady in herself, and all the time a breaking heart painted in every feature of her face. The next day she gave back all promises to John; and what made her stronger in her resolution than anything else, was, finding that Nelly had a childish fancy for him unbeknownst to herself; it was no wonder that she should, for John certainly was as handsome a boy as ever crossed a chapel-green; but he must have been as blind as a star-fish to prefer her to Grace; it was a queer thing—I always think it as wonderful a thing as ever I heard tell of—that creature watching and tending the restless tiresome girl, nursing her, and improving her as well as she knew how—and for what? to make her a fit wife for the man she had looked upon as her husband for more than five years, and loving him all the time. My wife spoke to her once about it; 'Let me alone,' she says, 'every one knows what's right if they ask their own heart; and, loving them both, sure I've nothing left me in the world to seek for or pray for, but just the happiness of them two.'

"Well, after a good deal of tacking about, it was laid out a year and a half ago that John was to go off to Australia, and when he had got settled a bit, send home for Nelly; and that she was to go out with his own sister; and they were to be married there; it was a wonderful thing to see how Grace bore it, and how she slaved to keep up everything for Nelly; and when the letter came at last from John, for Nell and his sister to go out in the next ship, I never shall forget the face of poor Grace, all flushed as it was, coming to my wife and the letter open in her hand—and she read every word of it; how everything had prospered that he took in hand, and how John prayed her to go out with Nell, and called her 'sister;' and how Grace almost choked at the word, and—'No,' says she, 'never! I will do all I can to make them happy to the end of my days, as I have done, but to stay there, with *them*, God forgive me,' she says, 'I could not do that.'

"Now," continued the old man, "what I look to is this, from the time Grace got that letter, until this blessed morning, all her thought was what she could make out to send that sister away in the best manner. I am sure, as I am of the light of heaven, that since she was born she never did think of herself—no; you saw her; every bit of finery, every stitch that could serve her sister, has she deprived herself of—for what? to make that sister better in the eyes of him who ought to have been her husband; to see them two girls, as I saw them this morning: Nelly dressed like any lady, and those that had time whispering of her beauty—and poor Grace—as she is now, with nothing but the downright love of every heart that knows her to keep her from being alone in the world; to see her with her fine spirit and high-up thoughts, that are as pure as God's breath in the heavens—to see her dressed like a beggar, without even shoes on her feet, stripped, as one may say, for the sake of them that wracked her happiness. And then the parting—how she kept up her own sister's and his sister's hearts to the last minute; and how she followed the steamer farther than any of the people; and stood, when it left her sight, in that spot, looking out for hours, as if to see, poor girl, what she will never see again.

"Let me alone," she says to me, and I reasoning with her, 'let me alone; after to-day I'll be as I always was.'

"Ah, then, it would be a heavy lead and a long line that would get to the bottom of her heart's love," added the old fisherman, "and if any of us could have the satisfaction of hearing her complain—but no, not she, not a murmur—only all cheerful, patient, loving, sweetness; yet I'm afraid that all this time there's a canker in her own heart. And there's my son, who would kiss the print of her bare foot in a dirty road. She won't look at him," said the old man, pettishly; "but I don't care whether she does or not, Grace Connell shall never want a FATHER."

## MEN AND THE WORLD.

[Abridged from "Literary Leaves," by D. L. Richardson.]

There is a great difference between the power of giving good advice and the ability to act upon it. Theoretical wisdom is perhaps rarely associated with practical wisdom; and we often find that men of no talent whatever contrive to pass through life with credit and propriety, under the guidance of a kind of instinct. These are the persons who seem to stumble by mere good luck upon the philosopher's stone. In the commerce of life, everything they touch seems to turn into gold.

We are apt to place the greatest confidence in the advice of the successful,

and none at all in that of the unprosperous, as if fortune never favoured fools nor neglected the wise. A man may have more intellect than does him good, for it tempts him to meditate and to compare, when he should act with rapidity and decision; and by trusting too much to his own sagacity, and too little to fortune, he often loses many a golden opportunity, that is like a prize in the lottery to his less brilliant competitors. It is not the men of thought, but the men of action, who are best fitted to push their way upwards in the world. The Hamlets or philosophical speculators are out of their element in the crowd. They are wise enough as reflecting observers, but the moment they descend from their solitary elevation, and mingle with the thick throng of their fellow-creatures, there is a sad discrepancy between their dignity as teachers and their conduct as actors; their wisdom in busy life evaporates in words; they talk like sages, but they act like fools. There is an essential difference between those qualities that are necessary for success in the world, and those that are required in the closet. Bacon was the wisest of human beings in his quiet study, but when he entered the wide and noisy theatre of life, he sometimes conducted himself in a way of which he could have admirably pointed out the impropriety in a moral essay. He knew as well as any man that honesty is the best policy, but he did not always act as if he thought so. The fine intellect of Addison could trace with subtlety and truth all the proprieties of social and of public life, but he was himself deplorable inefficient both as a companion and as a statesman. A more delicate and accurate observer of human life than the poet Cowper is not often met with, though he was absolutely incapable of turning his knowledge and good sense to a practical account, and when he came to act for himself, was as helpless and dependent as a child. The excellent author of the *Wealth of Nations* could not manage the economy of his own house.

People who have sought the advice of successful men of the world, have often experienced a feeling of surprise and disappointment when listening to their commonplace maxims and weak and barren observations. There is very frequently the same discrepancy, though in the opposite extreme, between the words and the actions of prosperous men of the world that I have noticed in the case of unsuccessful men of wisdom. The former talk like fools, but they act like men of sense; the reverse is the case with the latter. The thinkers may safely direct the movements of other men, but they do not seem peculiarly fitted to direct their own.

They who bask in the sunshine of prosperity are generally inclined to be so ungrateful to fortune as to attribute all their success to their own exertions, and to season their pity for their less successful friends with some degree of contempt. In the great majority of cases, nothing can be more ridiculous and unjust. In the list of the prosperous, there are very few indeed who owe their advancement to talent and sagacity alone. The majority must attribute their rise to a combination of industry, prudence, and good fortune; and there are many who are still more indebted to the lucky accidents of life than to their own character or conduct.

Perhaps not only the higher intellectual gifts, but even the finer moral emotions, are an encumbrance to the fortune-hunter. A gentle disposition and extreme frankness and generosity have been the ruin, in a worldly sense, of many a noble spirit. There is a degree of cautiousness and mistrust, and a certain insensibility and sternness, that seem essential to the man who has to bustle through the world and secure his own interests. He cannot turn aside, and indulge in generous sympathies, without neglecting in some measure his own affairs. It is like a pedestrian's progress through a crowded street; he cannot pause for a moment, or look to the right or left, without increasing his own obstructions. When time and business press hard upon him, the cry of affliction on the road-side is unheeded and forgotten. He acquires a habit of indifference to all but the one thing needful—his own success.

I shall not here speak of those bye-ways to success in life which require only a large share of hypocrisy and meanness; nor of those insinuating manners and frivolous accomplishments which are so often better rewarded than worth or genius; nor of the arts by which a brazen-faced adventurer sometimes throws a modest and meritorious rival into the shade. Nor shall I proceed to show how great a drawback is a noble sincerity in the commerce of the world. The memorable scene between Gil Blas and the archbishop of Toledo is daily and nightly re-acted on the great stage of life. I cannot enter upon minute particulars, or touch upon all the numerous branches of my subject, without exceeding the limits I have proposed to myself in the present essay.

Perhaps a knowledge of the world, in the ordinary acceptance of the phrase, may mean nothing more than a knowledge of conventionalisms, or a familiarity with the forms and ceremonials of society. This, of course, is of easy acquisition when the mind is once bent upon the task. The practice of the small proprieties of life to a congenial spirit soon ceases to be a study; it rapidly becomes a mere habit, or an untroubled and unerring instinct. This is always the case when there is no sedentary labour by the midnight lamp to produce an ungainly stoop in the shoulders, and a conscious defect of grace and pliancy in the limbs; and when there is no abstract thought or poetic vision to dissipate the attention, and blind us to the trivial realities that are passing immediately around us. Some degree of vanity and a perfect self-possession are absolutely essential; but high intellect is only an obstruction. There are some who seem born for the boudoir and the ball-room, while others are as little fitted for fashionable society as a fish is for the open air and the dry land. They who are more familiar with books than with men, cannot look calm and pleased when their souls are inwardly perplexed. The almost venial hypocrisy of politeness is the more criminal and disgusting in their judgment, on account of its difficulty to themselves, and the provoking ease with which it appears to be adopted by others. The loquacity of the forward, the effeminate affectation of the foppish, and the sententiousness of shallow gravity, excite a feeling of contempt and weariness that they have neither the skill nor the inclination to conceal.

A recluse philosopher is unable to return a simple salutation without betraying his awkwardness and uneasiness to the quick eye of a man of the world. He exhibits a ludicrous mixture of humility and pride. He is indignant at the assurance of others, and is mortified at his own timidity. He is vexed that he should suffer those whom he feels to be his inferiors to enjoy a temporary superiority. He is troubled that they should be able to trouble him, and ashamed that they should make him ashamed. Such a man, when he enters into society, brings all his pride, but leaves his vanity behind him. Pride allows our wounds to remain exposed, and makes them doubly irritable; but vanity, as Sancho says of sleep, seems to cover a man all over as with a cloak. A contemplative spirit cannot concentrate its attention on minute and uninteresting ceremonials, and a sense of unfitness for society makes the most ordinary of its duties a painful task. There are some authors who would rather write a quarto volume in praise of woman, than hand a fashionable lady to her chair.

Men in business acquire a habit of guarding themselves very carefully



against the arts of those with whom they are brought in contact in their commercial transactions; but they are, perhaps, better versed in goods and securities than in the human heart. They wisely trust a great deal more to law papers than to 'the human face divine,' or any of those indications of character which are so unerringly perused by a profound observer. A great dramatic poet can lift the curtain of the human heart; but mere men of business must act always in the dark, and, taking it for granted that every individual, whatever his ostensible character, may be a secret villain, they will have no transactions with their fellow-creatures until they have made 'assurance doubly sure,' and secured themselves from the possibility of roguery and imposition. They carry this habit of caution and mistrustfulness to such a melancholy extreme, that they will hardly lend a guinea to a father or a brother without a regular receipt. They judge of all mankind by a few wretched exceptions. Lawyers have a similar tendency to form partial and unfavourable opinions of their fellow-creatures, because they come in contact with the worst specimens of humanity, and see more of the dark side of life than other men. Of all classes of men, perhaps the members of the medical profession have the best opportunity of forming a fair and accurate judgment of mankind in general, and it is gratifying to know that none have a higher opinion of human nature.

It is observable that men are very much disposed to 'make themselves the measure of mankind'; or, in other words, when they paint their fellow-creatures, to dip their brush in the colours of their own heart.

"All seems infected that the infected spy,  
All seems yellow to the jaundiced eye."

On the other hand, a frank and noble spirit observes the world by the light of its own nature; and indeed all who have studied mankind without prejudice or partiality, and with a wide and liberal observation, have felt that man is not altogether unworthy of being formed after the image of his Maker.

### POISONING.

[From the last Edinburgh Review.]

The Alchemists, by their continued experiments, naturally acquired considerable practical skill in chemistry; and for nearly two centuries a great part of this knowledge was constantly devoted to the composition of the subtlest and most deadly poisons. The demand for these fearful inventions increased with the supply, and the supply in its turn with the demand; until, in many parts of Europe, the domestic comfort of every private individual was disturbed by the increasing fear of becoming a victim to the diabolical art of some secret enemy. "Early in the 16th century the crime seems to have gradually increased; till, in the 17th, it spread over Europe like a pestilence. It was often exercised by pretended witches and sorcerers, and finally became a branch of education amongst all who laid any claim to magic and supernatural arts." Popular alarm, and popular love of the marvellous, embellished by innumerable fables the really frightful nature of this new and atrocious crime. Every substance, it was believed, which could be tasted, smelt, or even touched, might be made, by a skilful poisoner, the means of inflicting inevitable death. Every one has heard of the limpid and tasteless potions which destroyed life, some in the twinkling of an eye, some by gentle and inexplicable decay;—of the flowers, whose scent carried a deadly vapour to the brain;—of the delicious perfumes, which spread mortal languor through the air;—and of the gloves, whose touch insinuated a subtle venom through the pores.

It was in Italy that these terrible practices first appeared, that they were most commonly used, and that they were longest retained. It would be mere waste of time to multiply examples from the political history of that unhappy country. The most superficial acquaintance with it is sufficient to show, that assassination by poison was a tolerated if not a professed expedient among Italian statesmen in the 15th and 16th centuries. But long after the convulsions of these stormy times had been set at rest by the establishment of something like regular governments, the same crimes continued to prevail in domestic life, and that to the most incredible extent. At Rome, in particular, there reigned in succession, during the later part of the 17th century, two notorious sorceresses, known as La Spara and La Tofagna; who, in the art *nigros effere maritos*, might have rivalled Locusta herself. They were the inventors of the celebrated slow poison known throughout Europe as the Manna of St. Nicholas of Bari; and their pride in their art, or their sympathy for unhappily allied persons of their own sex, was such, that they are said to have occasionally removed obnoxious husbands out of free generosity. Extraordinary as it may appear, nothing is more certain than that the attention of the Roman Government was first drawn towards these proceedings, partly by the unaccountable mortality among husbands, which was actually so great as to become matter of public notoriety long before the cause was known; and partly by the reports of the clergy, who, though bound by their vows not to betray individuals, could not help representing to the authorities the fearful number of domestic murders to which they were compelled to listen in the Confessional. Even after the existence of the practice had been proved, and the principal culprits detected, they contrived for several years to baffle the vigilance of the authorities by the aid of their clients; and it was not until the survivor of these Hecates had been executed—which could not have been till towards 1730—that the crime began to fall into disuse.

The peculiar prevalence of this practice among the Italians of the middle ages, is no doubt in a great measure to be attributed to that utter want of all chivalrous spirit—a want, be it observed, which we by no means consider an unmixed evil—which prevented them from feeling any shame in deceit, or any pride in confronting danger. We cannot perhaps, altogether confirm the opinion of Mr. Mackay, who believes that they considered such actions "perfectly justifiable," and that "the Italians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries poisoned their opponents with as little compunction as an Englishman of the present day brings a lawsuit." Nor can we think the statements of contemporary writers, that Roman "ladies put poison bottles on their dressing tables as openly . . . as modern dames use *Eau-de-Cologne*," worthy of implicit or literal confidence. Moralists, we know, are apt to overshoot facts when they are rounding an indignant period about the wickedness of the age; and we must suppose that in Italy, as elsewhere, the generality of men had common sense and common feeling enough to distinguish right from wrong. But we believe we may fairly say, that, two centuries ago, poisoning stood in Italy on the same footing as duels, or affairs of gallantry, in England. It was generally regarded as an act which strict morality indeed could never justify, but which circumstances might in a great measure palliate, and to which, at the very worst, no peculiar or indelible infamy was attached. Good men would speak of it with the manly indignation of Evelyn; commonplace men with the indulgent censure of honest Peepys; and profligate men with the boastful impudence of Wilmot and Wycherley. We think it probable, for instance, that an Italian of the sixteenth or seventeenth century would have incurred the universal suspicion of hypocrisy, by speaking of assassination by poison in the

language which the coldest Englishman would use as a matter of course; and we have no doubt that his Quixotic inconsistency would have attracted the most contemptuous ridicule, if he had challenged to the field an enemy whom he had scrupled to remove by the sure and silent ministry of La Tofagna. The reason of this was, that neither treachery nor cowardice were despised by Italians as they are despised by Englishmen. The one was an immoral act, and the other a serious misfortune; but neither inferred what we consider ignominy. We should perhaps be wrong, if we were to speak of the men among whom such feelings were common, as the first impulse of contempt and indignation might dictate. It may be true—as we remember to have seen it most eloquently and ingeniously argued—that the feeling which attaches unredeemed infamy to falsehood is the mere prejudice of our country; that every system of opinion which severs worldly dishonour from moral guilt is equally absurd and pernicious; and that a nation which weakly tolerates crimes of artifice, may be, on the whole, fully as wise and virtuous as a nation which weakly tolerates crimes of open daring. It is certain that the Italians of the middle ages, depraved as in many respects they were, were universally free from the savage indifference to bloodshed, the reckless thirst of military glory, and the brutal contempt of civilisation, which were so common among the northern chivalry. It may even be doubted, whether these advantages were more than counterbalanced by the peculiar evils which accompanied them;—whether the wickedness which Machiavel would have pardoned in a consummate statesman, was more atrocious in itself, or more dangerous to mankind, than that which the Black Prince would have pardoned in a valiant knight. To an Englishman, it certainly appears meaner and more degrading; but this is an association which an Italian of that day could not have comprehended, and by which he ought not to be judged. This is the only reasoning by which a modern reader can persuade himself, that the crimes of the Borgias and Viscontis were, after all, the crimes of human beings; and that the wrath of Providence had not inflicted upon the whole generation which tolerated them, that monstrous moral deformity which it required a combination of extraordinary circumstances to develop in Nero and Domitian. Still it is in vain that, to borrow an expressive Americanism, we endeavour to *realize* such a state of opinion. It is in vain that we try to imagine ourselves living in a society where inscrutable dissimulation was the point of honour—where men would have felt for Iago the reluctant admiration which we yield to Rivingham or Balfour—and where "the last infirmity of noble minds" was a tendency to adroit and ingenious deceit. Our prejudices revolt in spite of our efforts at candour; and we turn with sympathy, if not with admiration, to the barbarous warrior, whose ferocious passions and brute courage made him frank and open in his enmity, though perhaps from no higher motives than childish impatience of self-control, and blind indifference to danger.

In France and England the crime of poisoning, though occasionally practised, never became common. It was introduced into the former country by Catherine de Medici, who, as might have been expected from her character, was a warm and zealous patroness of the *venefica* of her native country. In her time, Paris abounded in druggists and perfumers—almost always, however, Italians by birth—who professed this atrocious mystery; and several of the great ladies and seigneurs, belonging to the Court of Henry III., became infamous for their dealings with such persons. But the crime was one of the few which found no sympathy among the fiery nobles of the day. Their fierce, ardent, bloodthirsty enmities were as different as possible from the calm and smiling hatred of an Italian. They carried on their quarrels, not indeed with honourable fairness, but in a spirit of proud and boastful bravado, which made them incapable of dissimulation and cajolery. It was enough for such a man as Sforza to know that his enemy was dead—that he should never see his face or feel his influence again. But Bussy or Bouthilliers would have thought this poor revenge. They would have longed to taunt and defy him, to give him the mortal blow with their own hand, and to see him expire at their feet. The most murderous bravoes of the day—men who, like the famous Baron de Vitieux, never scrupled to ensure their revenge by every advantage of numbers and weapons—were too haughty to effect it by conciliating their victims. We find that, when exasperated, they generally indulged their pride and passion by open threats and insults, though it is obvious that by doing so they must often have lost the opportunity of more complete satisfaction. But the epidemic, which at this period soon became extinct, broke out again, about a century later, with a sudden violence which all the exertions of the Government could not for several years suppress. About the middle of Louis XIV.'s reign, the police of Paris found reason to suspect that poisoning was becoming a common crime in private life; and scarcely had their attent been attracted to the subject, when an accident gave them the means of detecting a domestic tragedy of the most frightful kind. We need not say that we allude to the crimes of the infamous Marquise de Brinvilliers. This unhappy woman belonged by birth to the noble family of D'Aubray, and was married to the Marquis in 1651. Some time after her marriage, she contracted a guilty attachment for a gentleman named St. Croix, who was a man of the most abandoned character, and had been the pupil of Essili, a well-known Italian poisoner and alchemist. By the advice and assistance of this man, Madame de Brinvilliers deliberately put to death by poison her father and her two brothers, in order to obtain possession of the family estate. Her sister, who inherited upon their death as coparcener with her, would speedily have shared their fate if a vague suspicion of the truth had not induced her to leave Paris abruptly. The Marchioness then proceeded to plot against the life of her husband, in order to marry St. Croix; but the execution of this project was secretly delayed by the latter, who felt, naturally enough, some repugnance to such a match. Just at this time, however, St. Croix died suddenly in his laboratory; his body was identified; and the proofs against himself and his paramour, which had till then escaped the strictest search, were at once discovered. Madame de Brinvilliers escaped to England for a time; but, having rashly returned to the Continent, she was arrested at Liege, tried at Paris, condemned to death, and publicly beheaded on the Place de Grève in July 1676. This formidable example was, however, very far from producing the intended impression. The crime of poisoning continued and increased, until it became for the time more common than it had ever been in Italy. It was not confined to cases of deadly enmity or of urgent necessity. The hope of acquiring an inheritance, or of getting rid of a debt, was thought quite sufficient ground for its commission. The Cardinal de Bonzy, for instance, incurred the darkest suspicions in consequence of the rapidity with which certain life annuities upon his property had died off. It was known that he had publicly "thanked his stars" for his deliverance; and a notorious poisoner, with whom he was said to be intimate, was from that time known by the apt *soubriquet* of de Bonzy's star. These extraordinary events gave the utmost alarm and distress to Louis XIV. and his ministers. The severest measures were taken to detect and punish the guilty. Upwards of one hundred individuals suffered death upon conviction of the crime; and in particular, two midwives,



who had long been the most eminent *empoisonneuses* in Paris, and one of whom was strongly suspected of having been concerned in the death of the beautiful Duchesse de Fontanges, were publicly burned alive in 1679. But it was some time before even these remedies produced their effect; and it was not until 1682—more than ten years after its first public appearance—that the crime could be considered as suppressed.

The few notorious murders by poison which occurred in this country, fortunately excited such universal horror and indignation, as to prevent the crime from becoming very common. The practice had, however, appeared as early as the reign of Henry VIII; for we find that prince, with characteristic humanity and good sense, endeavouring to repress it by enacting that persons guilty should be *boiled alive*; and we believe that this punishment was actually inflicted upon a London citizen's widow, convicted of having murdered her husband. The worthless Dudley, Earl of Leicester, is almost the only English statesman whom historical evidence, or even common report, has accused of the habitual use of such weapons against his enemies. Among the many dark and uncertain rumours which were current concerning the death of his unhappy countess, that which ascribed it to poison was the most generally credited. Several of his rivals at Court are said narrowly to have escaped the same fate; and his own death was believed to have been caused by inadvertently partaking of poison which he had prepared for his second wife. We need not enter into the particulars of the atrocious murder which disgraced the next reign. The death of Overbury—the conviction of the Earl of Somerset—and the pardon which was extorted from the King, contrary to his solemn and voluntary oath, by the mysterious influence of the murderer—belong to the public history of that shameful period. Fortunate it is for the memory of James, that the ludicrous absurdity of his personal demeanour has thrown into the shade the hateful vices of his life; and that the testimony of his indignant subjects has been in some measure forgotten in the good-natured ridicule of modern genius. Several other sudden deaths, which happened about the same period—those, for instance, of Edward VI., Henry Prince of Wales, and James I., himself—were attributed by vulgar suspicion to the same cause; but there appears to have existed no satisfactory proof in any of the cases, and it is certain that the practice of poisoning never became common in private life.

### GOSSIP OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

"There is to us," says Christopher North in Blackwood, "more of touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression, in some of the old psalm tunes, feelingly displayed, than in a whole batch of modernisms. The strains go home, and the 'fountains of the great deep are broken up;' the great deep of unfathomable feeling, that lies far, far below the surface of the world-hardened heart." The truth of this remark will be acknowledged by all who have any feeling; a thing with which certain of our modern church choristers are apparently unsupplied. Even when a psalm or hymn, to which a time-honored tune has been set, is read by the minister, ten to one that it is not murdered in the singing by being married to some lumbering combination of sounds, whose only merit perhaps is, that it affords the leader or his female assistant an opportunity to display their own sweet voices in solitary "execution." To "let well enough alone" is as good a maxim in musical matters as in any other. Our "reforming" church choristers may rest assured, that so far as regards old psalm-tunes, their auditors "seek no change, and least of all such change as they would give them."

Where, in the whole circumference of Christendom, save in gay, volatile, immoral France, could such an occurrence as the following have taken place? However, "Was it a crime?—no!" exclaims the narrator, a delicious moralist, in the person of Madame Girardin:

"And this puts me in mind of a bigamist who had a wife at Paris and another at Strasburg. Was it a crime?—no; a faithful but alternate inhabitant of these two cities, has he not a right to possess a ménage in each? One establishment was not sufficient for him; his life was so regularly divided, that he passed two days in each alternate week at Paris and Strasburg. With a single wife he would have been a widower for the half of his time. In the first instance he had lived many years *uniquely married* at Paris, but he came soon bitterly to feel the inconvenience of the system. The care which his wife took of him at Paris made him find his solitude when at Strasburg too frightful. In the one place ennui and solitude, a bad supper and a bad inn. In the other, a worm welcome, a warm room, and a supper most tenderly served. At Paris all was pleasure; all blank gloominess at Strasburg.

"The courier of the mail interrogated his heart, and acknowledged that solitude was impossible to him, and reasoned within himself, that if marriage was a good thing, therefore there could not be too much of a good thing, therefore it became him to do a good thing at Strasburg as well as at Paris.

"Accordingly the courier married, and the secret of his second union was kept profoundly, and his heart was in a perpetual and happy vibration between the two objects of his affections. When on the road to Strasburg he thought of his fair Alsatian with her blue eyes and blushing cheeks; passed two days gaily by her side, the happy father of a family of little Alsacians, who smiled around him in his northern home. However one day he committed a rash act of imprudence. One of his Strasburg friends was one day at Paris, when the courier asked him to dine. The guest mistaking Caroline for the courier's sister, began talking with rapture of the blue-eyed Alsatian and the children at Strasburg; he said he had been at the wedding, and recounted the gayeties there. And so the fatal secret was disclosed to poor Caroline.

"She was very angry at first, but she was a mother, and the elder of his sons was thirteen years old. She knew the disgrace and ruin which would come upon the family in the event of a long and scandalous process at law, and thought with terror of the galleys, the necessary punishment of her husband, should his crime be made known. She had very soon arranged her plan. She pretended she had a sick relative in the country, and straightway set off for Strasburg, where she found Toinette, and told her of the truth. Toinette, too, was at first all for vengeance, but Caroline calmed her, showed her that the welfare of their children depended on the crime not being discovered, and that the galleys for life must be the fate of the criminal. And so these two women signed a sublime compact to forget their jealousies, and it was only a few hours before his death that their husband knew of their interview. A wheel of the carriage breaking, the mail was upset over a precipice; and the courier dreadfully wounded, was carried back to Strasburg, where he died after several days of suffering. As he was dying he made his confession: 'My poor Toinette, pardon me. I have deceived thee. I was already married when I took you for a wife.' 'I know it,' said Toinette, sobbing, 'do n't plague yourself now, it's pardoned long ago.' 'And who told you?' 'The other one.' 'Caroline?' 'Yes, she came here seven years ago, and said you would be hanged were I to peach; and so I said nothing.' 'You are a good creature,' said the two-wived courier, stretching out his poor mutilated hand to Toinette; 'and so is the other one,'

added he with a sigh; 'it's hard to quit two such darlings as those. But the time's up now; my coach can't wait; go and bring the little ones that I may kiss them; I wish I had the others too. Heigh ho!'

"But here they are!" cried the courier at this moment, and his two elder boys entered with poor Caroline time enough to see him die. The children cried about him. The two wives knelt on each side, and he took a hand of each, and hoped that Heaven would pardon him as those loving creatures had; and so the courier died.

"Caroline told Francois, her son, who had grown up, that Toinette was her sister-in-law, and the two women loved each other, and never quitted each other afterward."

The experience and opinions of ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, could they be honestly expressed, touching the *small* ocean watering places in the vicinity of great cities, would be found to coincide with those of our friend "Mr. Cawls Yellowplush," at "Bolong Sir Mure," as he terms Boulogne: "In the morning, before breakfast, we walked on the beach, purvised with long sliding opra-glasses, called tallow-scoops. With them we igsamined very attentively the otion, the sea-weed, the pebbils, the dead cats, and the waives, like little children playing leap-frog, which came tumblink over one another on the shoar. It seem'd to me as if they were scrambling to get there, as well they might, being sick of the sea, and anxious for the blessed peasable *terry-firmy*. After breakfast, down we went ag'in, and puttin our tallow-scoops again in our eyes, we igsamined a little more the otion, pebbils, dead cats, and so on; and this lasted till dinner, and dinner lasted till bed-time, and bed-time lasted till nex day, when cum brekfust, and dinner, and tallow scooping, as before."

Speaking of pumps, there is a very mysterious contrivance of this sort in the village of Cherry Valley. When the good citizens are pumping it, it utters a sort of subdued screech, that seems to be a cross between the guttural catterwaul of an enraged grimalkin and the opening bray of a donkey. We heard it three or four times, with increasing amazement; and at length ventured to ask of a by-stander, who was watching the Richfield cohorts winding their way down "White's Hill" into the village, "In the name of Discord, friend, is that a pump or a jack-ass?" "It's a pump, I guess; though it does sound sumthin' like a jack, that's sartin." Our informant was a singular-looking genius. He had a jolly, twinkling eye, a broad-brimmed, low-crowned old hat, a nose that turned under instead of up, and a face that laughed in every line of its surface. "We had a curious jack," he continued, "down in our town. He belonged to a terrible obstinate man, who kept him in a lot back o' the meetin'-house. Every Sunday, when the horses was driv' under the shed along the back-end o' the meetin'-house, that tarnal jack would begin to bray, and keep it up all sermon-time. In summer, when the windows was open, you couldn't hear nothing else, seasily. The man that owned him hated the minister as he did pizen, and he would n't put the blasted critter into any other lot, out o' clear spite. But the folks could n't stand it; and one day one of the deacon's sons caught the jack, and putting a knife up his nose, cut out a piece of the dividin'-gristle, about the size of a dollar, so 's to prevent his braying any more; and he did n't make a great deal o' noise while 'twas gettin' well; but when it healed, and he tried to play a bray on it, it made the *awfulest* noise you ever heer'd! It was a different instrument altogether. At first goin' off, it was a terrible bray, but it come out at the eend with the *shrillest whistle* you ever see; sharper than a fife, and so loud as the scare-pipe of a locomotive engine. It was tew much; folks couldn't bear it; and a good many of the congregation jined together and went to buy the plaguy nuisance off. The owner laafed when they called on him and told their business; but they gi'n him his price, and put the noisy critter out o' the pale of the church!"

We think we never saw a better description of an 'honorable' *chevalier d'industrie* than Yellowplush gives in his portrait of the younger son of the Earl of Crabs, Hon. Algernon Percy Deauceace, Esq. There are "sitters," by the by, for the likeness, every where: "The young gnlmn *was* a gnlmn, and no mistake. He got his allowents of nothink a year, and spent it in the most honourable and fashnable manner. He kep a kab; he went to Crockfud's; and moved in the most exquizzit suckles. Those fashnable gents have ways of gittin money, which common pipples doant understand. Tho he had only a third-floor apartment, he lived as if he had the wealth of Creashus. The ten pun-notes flew about as common as haypence; clarit and shampang was with him as vulgar as gin; and very glad I was, to be sure, to be a valley to a zion of the nobility. He had in his sittin-room a large pictur on a sheet of paper. The names of his family was wrote on it; it was wrote in the shape of a tree, a-groin out of a man-in armer's stomick, and the names was on little plates among the bows. My master called it his podygree. I do bleev it was because he had this pictur, and because he was the *Honorable* Deauceace, that he mannitched to live as he did. If he had been a common man, you'd have said that he was no better than a etrocious swinler. For it's no use disgysing it—he was a gambler. For a man of vulgar family, that's the wust trade that can be; for a man of common feelinx of honesty, this purfession is quite impossible; but for a rale thuro-bred genlmm it's the easiest and most prophetable line he can take."

An affecting account is given in a late English work, of the last interview which the good Bishop Porteous had with the dissolute Prince of Wales. It seems his Royal Highness had sent out a summons for a great military review which was to take place on a Sunday. The Bishop had long been very ill, and did not hope nor wish ever in this world to go out again. He ordered his carriage, however, upon hearing this, proceeded to Carlton House, and waited on the Prince, who received him very graciously. He said, "I am come, Sir, urged by my regard to you, to your father, and to this great nation, who are anxiously beholding every public action of yours. I am on the verge of time; new prospects open to me; the favor of human beings or their displeasure is as nothing to me now. I am come to warn your royal highness of the awful consequences of your breaking down the very little that remains of distinction to the day that the Author of all power has hallowed, and set apart for Himself." He continued in this strain of solemn reproof for some minutes, concluding with, "And now, were I able to rise, or were any one here to assist me, I should, with the awful feeling of a dying man, give my last blessing to your Royal Highness." The Prince upon this burst into tears, and fell on his knees before the Bishop, who bestowed upon him with folded hands his dying benediction." The Prince attended him to his carriage; but the exertion had been too great for the venerable prelate. The "good and faithful servant" entered into the joy of his Lord on the fifth day after.

We have not been so greatly regaled by "Punch," since the very warm weather set in. Here are a couple of new ingredients, however, which we commend to the reader's risibles. The first are parliamentary "Notices of Motion." Colonel Sibthorpe, to move that an inquiry should be made whether the Mr. Gunn, who married the Duke of Sussex to Lady Augusta Murray, did not, as a clerical Gun, place himself in direct opposition to the canons of



the church. Mr. W. Williams, to move for a copy of the passage in which the Duke of Sussex declares Gunn to be the parent of all his (the Duke's) happiness; Mr. Brotherton, to move that an inquiry should be instituted as to the secret intrusted to Gunn, and whether an explosion would have been the consequence of Gunn's having let out the important matter with which he was loaded." Here is a "Receipt for making an Irish Stew." It hits cleverly the incidents of the recent Dublin trials: "Take several 'traversers,' the more the better, if your hash is to go far. Shut them up in a close place with eight Irish barristers. Those with the loudest voices and longest winds are the best. Then take a bench of judges, with an infusion of strong political opinions. Throw in some personal spite, which gives piquancy to the dish. Lard your barristers with postea, writs of error, motions in arrest of judgment, and any other condiments, to your liking, and shake all well together. You will then have an Irish stew which will go a great way, and is very easily made."

The following passage from a lecture by Mr. Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," must have been suggested by a very spirited poem entitled "*The Iron Horse*," published in this Magazine five years ago. Many of the thoughts are quite identical: "I love to see one of these huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fall gently back into his harness. There he stands, champing and foaming upon the iron track, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews; he pants to be gone. He would 'snake' St. Peter's across the desert of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little sober-eyed, tobacco-chewing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment, should he grow restive and vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man, for, begrimed as he may be with coal diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery, as the physical mind of that huge steam-horse."

### SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

Sir William Herschel, so eminent for his astronomical discoveries, entered life as an oboe-player in a marching regiment; yet, by dint of natural talent, well-directed and self-instructed, pressed through numberless difficulties, until he attained the first place amongst the British men of science of his day. He was a native of Hanover (born in 1738,) being the second of the four sons of a humble musician. In consequence of some tokens he had given in early boyhood of the possession of an active and inquiring intellect, he was indulged in a somewhat superior education to that conferred on his brothers: he was allowed to study French. By good chance, his master had a turn for metaphysics and the sciences connected with it; and finding he had got an apt pupil, he gave him some instructions in these branches, and thus stimulated the latent seeds of genius in young Herschel's mind. Yet the poor musician could rear his son to no higher profession than his own. In the course of the seven years' war, about 1759, the youth came to England attached to a German regiment whose band he had entered. He seems to have quickly left this situation, for we soon after find him making efforts to obtain employment in England, and encountering in this quest many hardships, all of which he bore with the patience of a virtuous mind. He at length obtained from the Earl of Darlington an engagement to go to the county of Durham, and instruct the band of a regiment of militia which his lordship was raising there. This object effected, he lived for several years in the north of England as a teacher of music, not neglecting in the meantime to give nearly his whole leisure to the improvement of his own mind. It was now that he acquired a knowledge of the classical languages.

The next step of importance taken by Herschel affords an anecdote which illustrates his natural sagacity. An organ, by Snetzler, had been built for the church of Halifax, and candidates for the situation of organist were requested to appear. Herschel came forward with other six, amongst whom was a locally eminent musician, Mr. Wainwright from Manchester. The organ was one of an unusually powerful kind, and when Mr. Wainwright played upon it in the style he had been accustomed to, Snetzler exclaimed frantically, "He run over de key like one cat; he will not allow my pipes time to speak." During the performance, a friend of Herschel asked him what chance he thought he had of obtaining the situation. "I don't know," said Herschel, "but I am sure fingers will not do." When it came his turn, Herschel ascended the organ-loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the Old Hundredth Psalm, which he played better than his opponent. "Ay, ay," cried Snetzler, "tish is very goot, very goot, intee; I will luftis man, he gives my pipes room for to speak." Herschel being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, "I told you fingers would not do;" and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, "one of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above; and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two." This superiority of skill, united to the friendly efforts of Mr. Joab Bates, a resident musical composer of some celebrity, obtained Herschel the situation.

The years which he spent at Halifax were not the least happy of his life. He here enjoyed the society of one or two persons akin to himself in tastes, and who could promote his love of study. His attention was now chiefly turned at his leisure hours to the mathematics, in which he became a proficient without any regular master. A poor teacher of music, with so many extraordinary qualifications, must have been a wonder in the Yorkshire of 1756. In that year he was attracted to Bath, by obtaining there the situation of organist in the Octagon chapel, besides an appointment for himself and his brother in the band kept by Mr. Linley in the Pump-room. Here, amidst his duties, which were very multifarious, he still kept up the pursuit of knowledge, although his studies were often postponed to the conclusion of fourteen hours of professional labour. It was now that he for the first time turned any attention to astronomy. Some recent discoveries in the heavens arrested his mind, and awakened a powerful spirit of curiosity, under the influence of which he sought and obtained the loan of a two-feet Gregorian telescope. Still further interested in the pursuit, he commissioned a friend to buy a larger instrument for him in London. The price startled his friend, who returned without making the designed purchase, and Herschel, being equally alarmed at the price of the desired instrument, resolved to attempt to make one for himself. To those who know what a reflecting telescope is, and have in particular a just sense of the difficulty of preparing the concave metallic speculum which forms the principal part of the apparatus, this resolution will appear in its true character, as will the fact of his actually succeeding, in 1774, in completing a five-feet reflector, by which he had the satisfaction of observing the ring and satellites of Saturn. Not satisfied with

this triumph, he made other instruments in succession of seven, ten, and even of twenty feet. And so great was his enthusiasm in this work, that, in perfecting the parabolic figure of the seven-feet reflector, he finished no fewer than two hundred specula before he produced one that would bear any power that was applied to it.

The early investigations of Herschel were made with this last instrument. Meanwhile, he was still chiefly occupied with the profession which gave him bread; but so eager was he in his astronomical observations, that often he would steal away from the room during an interval of performance, give a little time to his telescope, and then contentedly return to his oboe. So gentle and patient a follower of science under difficulties scarcely occurs in the whole circle of biography. At this time Herschel was forty years of age; his best years, it might have been said, were past; but he was to show that even forty is not too old an age at which to commence a pursuit that is to give immortality. About the end of 1779 he began to make a regular review of the heavens, star by star, and in the course of the examination he discovered that a small object, which had been recorded by Bode as a fixed star, was gradually changing its place. On the 13th of March 1781 he became satisfied that this was a new planet of our system, one moving on the outside of Saturn, eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun, and with a period of revolution extending to eighty-four of our years. Having determined the rate of motion and orbit, he communicated the particulars to the Royal Society, who, partaking of the universal enthusiasm which the discovery had excited in the public mind, elected him a fellow of their body, and decreed him their annual gold medal. The new planet was at first called Georgium Sidus, in honour of the king—then Herschel, from the name of the discoverer—but has finally been styled Uranus (from Urania, the muse of astronomy,) a term deemed more appropriate, since all the other planets bear mythological titles.

The Bath musician had now become a distinguished scientific character, and it was necessary that he should be rescued from his obscure and unworthy labours. This public service was rendered by George III., who had at all times a pleasure in patronising scientific talent. Herschel, endowed with a handsome pension, and the title of astronomer-royal, was translated to a mansion at Slough, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, there to prosecute his researches in entire leisure. He had now attained what was to him the summit of earthly felicity, and his mind immediately expanded in projects for the advancement of his favourite science. He constructed an enormous telescope, the tube of which was forty feet long, in his garden at Slough, and for a time hopes were entertained of great discoveries resulting from it; but the mechanical difficulties attending a structure so vast, were too great to be overcome in the existing state of science, and this great telescope was never in reality of much use, although we believe it was by it that the sixth and seventh satellites of Saturn were added to our knowledge of the heavens. It was with a much smaller instrument that he made his observations on the surface of the moon (discovering what he thought to be two active volcanoes in it,) and scanned over the heavens for the purpose of cataloguing objects hitherto unobserved. In these investigations the astronomer was materially aided by a younger sister, Caroline Herschel, who was able to take down the observations as he dictated them, while he still kept his eye upon the glass. This lady survives (1844) at a very advanced age. Herschel gave his attention chiefly to the more distant class of heavenly objects; and by his acquaintance with telescopes in their various forms and powers, he was the inventor of a most ingenious though simple mode of reckoning the distances of some of these bodies. Taking one power of glass, and noting all the stars and nebulae which could be seen by it, he then took another power, and afterwards another and another, and, observing the various objects brought into view in succession by each, he calculated their respective distances by the relative powers of the instruments employed. This he very happily called *gauging* the heavens. In 1802 the result of his labours was communicated to the world in a catalogue of five thousand new nebulae, nebulous stars, planetary nebulae, and clusters of stars, which was published in the Philosophical Transactions, being prefaced by an enlarged view of the sidereal bodies composing the universe. These labours of Herschel have added a most interesting chapter to the book of nature. They make us aware that there are other clusters of stars, or star-systems, beside the vast one to which our sun belongs—that these are placed at enormous distances beyond the limits of our system—that within our system, again, there are objects in all degrees of condensation between a diffused nebulous matter and well-defined stars, representing various stages of progress in the formation of suns. And these great facts he has connected with others more familiar, so as to form a beautiful hypothesis of the cosmogony, showing how it was in every stage under the strict charge of natural law. Another interesting discovery of Herschel, which subsequent observation has fully confirmed, is, that our solar system has a movement of its own amidst the other stars, and that this is slowly carrying us towards a point in the constellation of Hercules. The scientific world received these new truths with awe-struck reverence, and the university of Oxford conferred on Herschel the degree of Doctor of Laws, which is rarely given to any one not reared there. The praise of the astronomer was the greater, that he announced all his discoveries with an air of genuine modesty, and received the distinctions conferred upon him with the same meekness which he had displayed in his days of poverty and obscurity. He was remarkable for great sweetness of temper, and for a natural simplicity which often accompanies great genius. It appears that his astronomical researches had created a notion among his rustic neighbours that he carried on a mysterious converse with the stars. One rainy summer a farmer waited upon him to solicit his advice as to the proper time for cutting his hay. The doctor pointed through the window to an adjoining meadow, in which lay a crop of grass utterly swamped. "Look at that field," said he, "and when I tell you it is mine, I think you will not need another proof to convince you that I am no more weather-wise than yourself or the rest of my neighbours."

Being favoured with unusual length of days, and with regular health, Dr. Herschel was able to continue his researches for many more years, and to add considerably to the knowledge he had already communicated on this most interesting science. He had now waxed rich in the world's goods, to a degree far exceeding his wants, although a young family had lately been rising around him. In 1816 the regent made him a knight of the Gaelphic order, a distinction in his case certainly well earned. But all ordinary gratifications must have appeared to him as trivial, compared with that now reserved for him in seeing his son, who had entered the university of Cambridge, beginning to give promise of the distinguished scientific and literary abilities which have since, in their ripeness, produced such remarkable fruits. At length, in August 1822, after but a short interval of disqualification for his astronomical researches, death removed Sir William Herschel from this lower sphere, at the age of eighty-four, full of honours as he was of years, and in enjoyment of the love and esteem of all who knew him.



EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY, INTITLED  
**"THE SACRIFICE OF THE NILE."**

BY ROBERT WILLIAM HUME.

ACT 2D.—PART OF SCENE 1ST.

In which the future career of Alcibiades is exhibited to him by the Egyptian Magician Meroth.

The emblem of "Glory" or Military Fame, in form of a beautiful female "armed and veiled," appears. Alcibiades, Meroth, and Socrates.

**Alcibiades.**—What pow'r divine is this! With peerless form  
 Prankt in a glittering veil—whose sparkling folds  
 Increase, not hide her beauty. Wonderful!  
 See how she stands arrayed like Pallas' self,  
 When, from the brain of cloud-compelling Jove,  
 Fresh as the morning into life she leapt,  
 Armed in proof—triumphant.

**Meroth.**—'Tis the type,  
 The shadowed emblem of the queen you serve,  
 'Tis glory's self—behold her—list!—she speaks.

(THE PRICE OF MILITARY GLORY.)

**Glory.**—Youth!—If thou wouldst seek my smile  
 Let nought else thy hopes beguile,  
 Love nor fear thy steps mislead  
 If thou'dst earn from me the meed;  
 Seek not—scorn the lust of pelf,  
 Thou must love me—for myself;  
 Other feelings rend away  
 O'er the heart—I hold my sway;  
 Meaner passions yield to me,  
 If my beauty thou would'st see  
 I to thee must be divine  
 If thou'dst worship at my shrine.

Fear not thou to seek me,  
 I am hid from meaner men;  
 In war's "fierce and stormy blaze"  
 Oft my glittering veil I raise;  
 In the "battle's brunt" thou'lt find  
 To my lover I am kind;  
 In the "broken ranks of death"  
 Thou shalt feel my honied breath;  
 In the "carcase-crowded breach"  
 Clasp my form—'tis in thy reach;  
 Plant thy standard in the gap—  
 I am wooed—in Danger's Lap—

Perils oft by land and sea  
 Wait on those who follow me,  
 Heed them not—but forward press—  
 Think what prize thine arms will bless—  
 Famine gaunt—may guard the door,  
 Wasting plague, and tortures sore,  
 Wait thee on thy rapid race,  
 Speeding to my fond embrace:  
 Death may threaten—scorn his pow'r  
 If thou'dst earn my matchless dower—  
 When thy brilliant course is run,  
 What is Life!—If I am won.

THE EMBLEM OF GLORY VANISHES.

**Alcibiades.**—What! art thou gone?

**Meroth.**—Aye—like a fleeting dream.

**Socrates.**—'Tis a just type of Glory!—Conquerors  
 Who for true fame mistake and follow thee,  
 From thy departure, might just counsel draw,  
 Thou shadowy nothing.—Youth! beware her smile,  
 For if Ambition holds thy passions rein,  
 Unchecked by virtue—thou art lost indeed.

SONG FROM THE SAME.

TO A SILENT EOLIAN HARP.

*Zuleika.—Solus.*

Why art thou silent!—Gentle harp  
 Why sleeps thy magic tone,  
 Hath wanton zephyr left thy chords  
 And from thy music flown?  
 But grieve not thou,—he'll soon return,  
 And with his plumed wing,  
 Fan perfume through the harp he loves,  
 And kiss each tuneful string.

But ah! what charm can cheer the maid,  
 Whom love's soft breath awakes,  
 Man's frail inconstancy to prove,  
 To learn that he forsakes:  
 Again—no more the broken chorus  
 May yield a fond reply,  
 The tones once sweet,—are mournful now,  
 In trembling sighs—they die.

**RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.**

Narrated by the late Capt. Peregrine Reynolds, R.N., to his old friend and schoolfellow,  
 Dr. W. S. Harvey, Professor of Moral Philosophy in — College.

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ARRANGED, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAPERS,  
 BY THE EDITOR OF THIS JOURNAL.

CHAP. IX.

Again! Again! Again!  
 And the havoc did not slack  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back;  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom;  
 Then ceased—and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shattered sail;  
 Or, in conflagration pale,  
 Light the gloom.

CAMPBELL.

The time at length arrived when I was to smell powder under hostile circumstances. On the third day after we had cut away the Jane, the gale had subsided, and we were near the mouth of the straits. The wind, however, was to the eastward, and we were not able to lie our course.

About four bells in the forenoon watch, we were standing to the northward upon the starboard tack, when the man at the mast-head sung out, "Sail ho!" Upon inquiry, he informed us that he saw two ships broad on the larboard bow, which loomed large; and that they appeared with their heads to the southward. They were several miles off, as little more than their top gallant masts were discernible; but not a doubt was entertained of their being vessels of the enemy, and of course, as they concluded, prizes.—And here is another characteristic of "Jack";—though the ships of his country are riding in every port, and sailing on every sea, it never enters his simple head that they may be friends instead of enemies.—No, he is there to fight the battles of his country, and he is ready, like the faithful mastiff in the yard, to shew his teeth at every object first, and examine it afterwards.—The strangers, therefore, must be French; and, as Allick Johnson said, "The old Arder would work round them like a cooper round a cask, although none on 'em could tackle a lot like the jolly old ball-o'-rope-yarns."

The First Lieutenant reported to the Captain, who came out of the cabin immediately, and after a brief inquiry of the man aloft, he said, "Turn the hands up, make sail."—"Quartermaster, keep her away three points."—"Ease away the braces,"—cried he to the captain of the afterguard.—With the despatch for which a well disciplined ship of war is remarkable, the Arder was soon under a cloud of canvass, and walking away at a prodigious rate, in a direction a little to windward of the two strange sail; rapidly they rose to the sight, and soon it was evident, by the size and cut of their sails, that they also were men of war, and of considerable force. Presently up went the private signal,—no answer,—but in a few minutes signals were made between the two vessels, which we could not make out; and then we were assured that an enemy was in sight.

In ten minutes after the ships had telegraphed each other, they both tacked, and we could perceive by our glasses that they also were making all sail they could consistently with keeping close hauled.

"Take a pull at the lee braces," cried Captain Ferguson; "ease the lower studding-sail tack a little.—Quartermaster, bring her a point nearer to the wind."—"They want to get the weather-gage of us, I fancy," added he, turning to the First Lieutenant; "but it won't do; you must not let them get before the lee bow of you!"

He took another long look at the vessels, and at length turned smartly round with a look of animation, but entirely without bustle, and said to the First Lieutenant—

"Beat to quarters!—By heaven, they are two whacking frigates, and likely to shew us as pretty play as heart could wish."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the officer, whose name was Haultaut; and away I was despatched for the drummer, who presently commenced his points of war, the effect of which was perfectly electrifying. The men poured in droves to their guns, as if they were about to celebrate a jubilee. The officers went to their several stations, and the business of casting loose the guns was eagerly set about. Out went the galley fire, and the gunner and his crew went into the magazine; screens were hung up, from each hatchway to the one above it, made of *fearnought*, a kind of coarse woollen cloth, with flaps at certain openings, through which to put the arms, so as to receive cartridges without risking the safety of the magazines; match-tubs were placed between every two guns, with matches stuck in them; bulk heads were taken down, some carried into the hold, some thrown overboard; hen-coops and pig-sties, with their living contents, were consigned to Davie Jones,—nay, even the two goats and a milch cow, which had afforded us trimmings for our tea and coffee, shared the same fate. The boarders were supplied with cutlasses, broadswords, and boarding spikes, the first being fastened by a belt round the waist, the second stuck into the belt, and the third arranged in readiness for use, to be seized at the word of command.—The next thing was to sling the yards and reeve additional preventers, secure the topsail-sheets, and take every other precaution to prevent the sails from being rendered useless. The fighting casks were examined and replenished; (these are water casks lashed to the masts, and supplied with water for the use of the people in action). The boarding nettings were spread and lashed, and the hammocks fresh stowed.

Before all this was fully accomplished, the boatswain piped, "Sail-trimmers away."

A certain number from each gun immediately left their station and ran to assist in trimming, according to orders. Captain Ferguson had come on the fore-castle to get a better look at the chase, when Haultaut sung out, "The wind is heading us a point."

"Get in your studding sail, Mr. Haultaut; brace all up, and keep her full by; set every staysail, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"All hands, sir, all hands;—we must be brisk, Haultaut; the chase makes good way, and if the wind shifts much more, they will get to windward of us."

"Ay, ay, sir, all hands trim sails, Mr. Pipes."

But again the wind fell off, and we had not occasion to reduce the canvass. Again we were able to let the Arder run free, which caused us to overhaul the enemy rapidly, and we soon saw that the weather-gage was decidedly ours. We now hoisted the English flag, and fired a gun ahead, as a signal to bring to. This they did not regard, being anxious to gain as good a position as circumstances would permit; in fact, we never believed, for an instant, that their object was to run from us,—on the contrary, a moment after our bunting was flying, up went the white flag on board of each vessel.

"There goes Johnny Crappo," was the general exclamation among the seamen. "—my eyes, but he shews his rags like a good 'un," cried one.

"He'll be sick enough, by and by, when he gets a few pills in him," said another.

"I'm d—d if he will," returned the first, "there's a pleasure in licking him, for he always stands to it like a man."

"Like a man!" shouted the other, "why, I'm blowed, if there's e'er a parley-voe in the country that has as much sense as the back of my grandmother's hand. What the d—d sense can a parcel of beggars have, that call a hat a chopper, and a horse a shovel?"

"Ha! ha! ha! so they do—I'm blessed," continued the first, "but Johnny shews fight for all that;—pity he's such a d—d fool!"

"Silence, silence, lads," said the Lieutenant, "we near the enemy now, attend to your duty, men. Captains of the guns be steady—mind the roll of the ship,—and take care you don't throw a shot away. Give it 'em hot, lads, and let 'em remember the Arder's fore-castle."

"Ay, ay, sir,"—and they chuckled with boyish glee at their officer's hints, upon which they determined, nevertheless, to act most religiously.

The headmost ship of the enemy was the weathermost, and he now bore away a little to come in a nearer situation with his consort; we could perceive them busily engaged in preparations aloft, in the same manner that had occu-



pied us, and there was, evidently, an intention to shew their teeth as soon as they should get into position. They were two beautiful frigates, apparently of 40 guns each, and, from the movements aloft and on deck, seemed to be well manned. At length, having formed a station under his consort's weather quarter, he rounded to again, and both vessels hauled up their courses and prepared for action.

We stood on after the first vessel, and, as soon as she came to the wind, Capt. Ferguson resolved, if possible, to run athwart his hawse and fire his larboard broadside into her, then round to, and run under the lee quarter of the other, discharging his starboard broadside into her, tacking at the same time, if circumstances would permit. But the sternmost enemy seemed to be aware of our manœuvre, and bore away by little and little, as we drew near his bows so as to present his broadside towards us. Suddenly the Captain commanded "Hard a starboard the helm,—hard up,—hard up, sir,—square away the yards," and, in an instant, we were running under his quarter. Before the enemy could recover this change of purpose, we were in condition to rake him, and the order to "fire" was given, which was obeyed with alacrity and with dreadful effect, from our starboard guns. Our shot told in all directions. The upper deck guns swept his decks, and the lower ones carried destruction under his counter. His rudder was blown to splinters, and his mizen mast was wounded so much, that, in attempting to come to the wind, on perceiving our manœuvre, a puff carried it away where the shot struck, bringing down the marines from his top at a more rapid rate than they had calculated upon. But they did not come to their death without revenge;—at the very moment we fired, their muskets stretched poor Haultaut dead on the deck, and wounded the master, and the Quartermaster, who was at the helm. Expecting the enemy to come to the wind, we continued to keep the helm up, and wore round on the other tack. It was then we found he was nearly in the same position as when we fired into him, and saw that his consort, who had also perceived him rendered helpless, had tacked and was standing down towards us, in order to cause a diversion in his favor, and, if possible, to take us to windward. But Ferguson's eyes and judgment were always on the alert; he immediately tacked again to the northward, calculating to come athwart the enemy's weather bow, in which case he determined to throw in his whole broadside, and then grapple with him. The frigate perceived this, and went about also, but perceiving that he should thereby leave his partner an easy prey to the English vessel, he once more tacked to the southward. He had, however, lost speed by his manœuvre; the Ardent kept steadily on the starboard tack, and was about to execute her purpose, when suddenly the Frenchman luffed up into the wind, and let drive at us with all his starboard guns,—we returned his fire, and shot ahead; in the mean time he had got stern-way, and came round on his heel. We did him no great damage, nor did he much to us, excepting dismounting one of the guns on the larboard side of the fore-castle, and wounding poor Alick Johnston and two others. We could now have gone at the first frigate, but probably might have laid ourselves between two fires, and therefore it was determined to finish our more able adversary before we attempted to conclude the other. We tacked then again, with the resolution to board him and bring things to a conclusion as shortly as possible. He sailed remarkably well, and this gave him hopes still of raking us forward. It would not do,—we came under his quarter, and bore up to fire into his stern, but he again threw himself up in the wind, and gave us broadside for broadside. The two vessels touched, and the yard arms locked,—we were laid head and stern. We grappled. "Boarders away," was the cry, and a scene of carnage ensued, which I will not attempt to describe to you. The Frenchman fought like fury, his decks were slippery with gore, and strewn with the dead of both parties. But it was in vain to contend with our strength, and finally he struck his colors.

Our next consideration was that of bringing the action to a close by a peaceable capture of the other;—but nothing was farther from his intention. His comrade had given him time to rig out a temporary rudder, and he had not lingered in bringing it to act. By the time we were ready to attack him, he was in condition to use hostilities, and as we ranged up alongside of him, to hail him, he poured in his broadside with such fury as to carry away our maintop mast, and make dreadful execution at our quarters. I received my first wound on this occasion,—a splinter struck me on the left arm and broke it,—dashing me, at the same time, against the foremast, by which I received a severe contusion on my head, that stunned me, and took away my senses.

When I recovered, I found myself in the cock-pit, surrounded by many a brave man, and the surgeons, the purser, the chaplain, the schoolmaster, and others, busily employed in alleviating the pains, and administering to the relief of the wounded. It was "a sorry sight," and here was the place in which to see the horrors of war much more than under the exciting circumstances of the upper decks, where all sense of reflection is deadened, and bravery or cowardice are but abstract terms; there is no sense of either sentiment, unless it be at a sally, or in the case of those who have to command, or under very peculiar situations to individuals.

After the first confusion, my eye wandered in search of Mr. Haultaut, whom I could not bring myself to believe was really gone forever from the busy and dreadful scene, but I could not perceive him or any thing that appeared like him. The pain of my wound, the fetid smell of the place, and the lamentable groans of the sufferers, were almost enough to consign me again to insensibility. I turned to one of the assistants, who, seeing that I was nearly fainting, came up with a little water, which I eagerly swallowed, and found myself revived by it; and now I endeavored to screw up my resolution to wait patiently my turn for receiving relief, and, in the mean time, to bear what it was dreadful to look upon, now that excitement was at an end. And here was, perhaps, the place, above all others, for the exhibition of that undaunted courage and unflinching fortitude, for which seamen, in general, are so remarkable. Amid the excruciating pain to which they must necessarily be subjected, in probing a wound, in cutting away excoriated parts, and in that greatest of all trials to poor Jack—the docking of a limb—when once he was satisfied of the necessity of the operation, no marble was less moved than he under the instrument. He would have considered his character for manhood as forever stained, if he were to give way to impatience and vociferation. We have often heard of the indomitable courage of the Indian under torture, and,—however dreadful,—the relations of their endurance has always received ready belief, because it is a part of the Indian education so to deport themselves under such circumstances, and the probability of such a fate is always before their eyes;—but, in the sailor, it is not the offspring of tuition, it is inherent bravery of soul, independent of excitement, equally independent of the opinion of others. It springs, although he is not aware of it, from self-respect,—and because he, who writes himself MAN in the most awfully legible characters, will not suffer himself to degenerate into the whining infant.

Examples of this were too numerous before me, and not the least shining of them was my honest friend Alick Johnson. His leg was shattered both above and below the knee, and he was dreadfully bruised all over his frame. There he

was, laid on a flock mattress on one side of the cock-pit, and as it happened I was placed beside him. The poor fellow looked pale as ashes beneath the blood-spots on his face. His body—which, like that of greater part of the seamen, was stripped naked from the waist upwards, was smeared with blood in various parts, so as to produce a most ghastly appearance; the blood in some places was still unstaunched, and streaming from his wounds; yet, as he lay, no sign of anguish escaped him: on the contrary, when I was placed near him he turned his head to ascertain who his new neighbour might be, and when he perceived me, he stretched out his arm, and pressed with his hard horny hand the offered hand of my sound arm.

"What, Mr. P., have they served you out too. My eyes, but we laid it into them. Where are you hurt, sir?"

I pointed to the arm which was hanging dangling by my side, and told him briefly the manner of it.

"Ah, well, you're lucky for a beginner; the doctor will fish that in no time, and you'll just be in for a spell;—but my trick is out, Mr. P. One of my sticks is sprung in two places, and there's no chance but cutting away. Well, Greenwich is the word after all. I did expect to weather that point, and either make a bol'son of myself or die at my gun like a man. Howsomever, it can't be helped you know. I s'pose I must bear up for a cook's warrant. I'll tell you what Mr. P., if they'd make me cook of 'the ould ruffian,' I'm d—d if I would care an old quid for the loss of this here pin. But there's no such luck. Never mind,—as Paddy says, 'worse luck now, same other time'."

I congratulated my friend on his philosophic patience—at which he stared as though he did not understand me. In the mean time the firing kept on over our heads with unabated vigor, and presently the surgeon ran to the ladder upon an intimation that Captain Ferguson was wounded, but he was stopped by a messenger strictly forbidding him, as it was but a slight flesh wound from a musket ball of the enemy. Soon after, there was an entire cessation of the cannonading, and three cheers were given. They almost awakened the dead. A poor fellow, whose bowels had been raked out by a shot, heard the sound—he made a faint effort to rise—his languid eye-balls shot a faint fire, and with a sigh he expired in the glorious sound. Alick, and all the wounded heard it,—the former cried out, "Lads, doctor, d'ye hear, d'ye hear—go it—go it!"—and a faint cheer was repeated even in this receptacle of pain and misery.

The cheering was followed by the boatswain's pipe of "All hands, out boats ahoy;" from which we concluded that there were certain of the enemy overboard, and as it is the part of true courage to fight like lions, so it is also another to save, when the battle is over, every man as a brother. Presently my own wound was attended to, the bone set, or "fished," as my nautical schoolmaster called it, and I was consigned to my hammock in the cable-tier, for the present, to make room for the more important operations of amputation, and the charge of injuries much more serious than mine. Once more I grasped the hand of Alick, and left him to the doctor.

Suppose now the wounded all tended and dressed, the decks cleared up and washed, the carpenters at work putting up such bulk heads as were necessary, such as the sick-bay and the captain's own; the wounded topmast down, and the shot-plugs all fast in the ship's sides. Suppose me removed from the cable-tier into my old berth in the cock-pit,—and listening to the conversation of the midship who are surrounding me, and two or three others in a predicament much like mine. You would imagine that they had been partaking of a most delightful amusement, at which a few had happened accidents. Accidents!—Yes,—poor M—, and J—, and little H— had "slipped their wind," like brave fellows, and Haultaut was to be buried like a warrior at Gibraltar, if there should be a chance of getting in soon. The thoughtless lads were now all warriors—each stood a foot higher in stature, and called himself one of the defenders of his country. And we were knit to each other by the strongest ties of affection and regard that could be devised,—we had shed our blood together;—and even the blue jacket and the scarlet were now blended in harmony by the same bond of union, which exterminated the unnatural animosity that exists generally between the seaman and the marine.

But what has become of the prizes?

The latter vessel cheered when she saw our topmast come down, and her shot spread over our decks. It seems her captain was enraged and indignant at the movement which originally threw him *hors de combat*; and now resolved to fight his vessel to the last gasp;—he continued a most manful and skilful opposition, but our shot under his stern and about his counter was more injurious than he had apprehended. The water gained upon him, and finally he was told that she was in a sinking state. His officers called upon him to strike. He smiled grimly, and replied, "If he did, it should be the man who next advised such a measure. Save yourselves if you will," said he, "but my ship shall go down with her colors flying, and I will go with her." He stepped up to the halyards. "Let no one touch them," cried he, "as he values his life. Hoist out the boats, and may God bless you all."

The firing having ceased on the part of the enemy, we ceased too, and the smoke soon clearing away, we were able to perceive by the heavy rolling of the enemy that she was becoming water-logged,—the actions of the people also shewed the state of the case. We ran down under his quarter and hailed him to strike, but his reply was "*Jamais,—jamais,—le sort de mon vaisseau sera le mien. Mais, sauvez mes gens—sauvez mes pauvres gens.*" Perceiving him fixed to his fate, we got boats out as I before described, and hastened to pick up as many of the people as possible, for the frigate was settling fast for sinking. Many threw themselves overboard, and were picked up by our boats, and many I fear found a watery grave, with their vessel for a coffin, and covered with honorable wounds. At length down she went, stern foremost, with her colors and pendant flying, and her brave and devoted commander still at the signal halyards waving his sword over his head.

Peace to his manes! He died the death of a hero.

The other frigate remained to us. Her captain came on board and surrendered his sword, which was restored to him with a graceful speech by Captain Ferguson. She proved to be La Glorieuse, of 40 guns, out from Brest, with her late consort La Furieuse, also of 40 guns; their destination was to cruise about the Azores, the Madeiras, and the Canary Islands, for the purpose of annoying the British commerce. We took a portion of his men on board, and sent the late second, now first lieutenant, to command her. In the course of the evening, the wind, which had been variable during the greater part of the day, fell down to S.S.E., and just enabled us to lay our course. In thirty-six hours we were through the Straits, and entered the bay triumphantly among the British squadron.

It was a glorious sensation for us as we ran down under the Admiral's lee, followed by the French frigate with her colors flying under those of her victorious enemy, and as we successively passed each vessel of the squadron, we were cheered by her officers and men. Finally we came to and moored ship, the captain went on board to report, and from thence we had a continual suc-



cession of visitors for the next two days, to hear the news from England, and the particulars of our action;—the latter part of the business being one in which the spirits never flagged; and though the poet may query,

"What so tedious as a twice-told tale?"

we could assure him that the teller does not always agree with him.

To conclude, we had the satisfaction of hearing the "general order" of the Commander-in-chief read, in which our conduct was greatly lauded. The despatches were forwarded to England, and I had the unspeakable happiness of knowing that I was mentioned in them with approbation.

### JOHNSON'S TRAVELS IN SOUTHERN ABYSSINIA.

The following miscellaneous selections we have taken from the first volume:—

*The Israelites in the Wilderness.*—To-day I witnessed a very interesting proof of the great similarity between the climate and physical character of this country, and that through which Moses led the Israelites in their flight from Egypt. About noon, a sudden stir among the kafilah people induced me to leave my hut to see what could be the matter; every one was running about for mats and skins, with which they covered in a great hurry the heaps of salt-bags that surrounded the encampment. Those who had charge of the stores of the embassy were equally busy in protecting the boxes and packages from a storm which was fast approaching; for on looking towards the east I saw, with astonishment, the sky in that direction quite dark, with one vast cloud of wind, and the red sand borne up before it. Its rotary motion was very evident, although the whirlwind, as it really was, was too large and too near to be seen distinctly as a separate body, which it might have been at some little distance. It advanced towards the camp at the rate of about ten or twelve miles an hour; but as numbers were now shouting to me to get under cover, and I did not know exactly what effects to anticipate, I made a dive into my hut, and, wrapping my head and face up in my handkerchief to prevent inhaling more of the fine sand than could be avoided, I awaited the result. In a few moments afterwards the strength of the wind passed over us, whirling the roof of my hut, along with the mats covering the salt, high up in the air, and scattering them far and wide over the plain; the heavy stones, that had been placed upon them to prevent such an occurrence, being rolled off, sometimes upon the prostrate kafilah men, who lay under the sides of the salt heaps, which they had hoped would have served as a kind of shielding from the blinding and choking sand. A few drops of rain and some distant claps of thunder accompanied this phenomenon. In a few minutes, the sky clearing, the short silence of the camp gave way to a burst of shouting and laughing as the people chased the retiring column in pursuit of their flying mats and ropes. I got out of my retreat, and saw moving towards the west an immense pillar of sand, reaching from earth to heaven, in form and size exactly like the huge water-spouts I have seen out at sea off the island of Ceylon. On asking Oamed Medina respecting these sand-spouts, and whether they were common in Adal, he told me that sometimes twenty or thirty of them might be seen at once upon extensive plains which admitted of their formation; and added, that they were always accompanied by rain, and with the sheet-lightning in the horizon by night, and that these signs directed the Bedouins to situations where they would not fail to find water for their flocks. This was a most interesting fact for me to learn, evidently proving, as it does, that the goodness of heaven was not especially devoted to the comfort and happiness of the Israelites alone, as with some little national vanity, and more ignorance of natural phenomena, these people have ascribed the presence of the pillar of a cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to be, imagining them to have been solely created for the purpose of directing them in their wanderings through the wilderness. We find, however, that in Adal the same benevolence has there provided for the Dankalli Bedouin similar indications for his convenience in a country where water is only occasionally found. Moses very properly led the Israelites to believe these signs to be, as they really are, miracles of mercy exerted in the behalf of man, and which still prove, as in the time of that great leader, that the hand of God is always stretched over his creatures to preserve them in situations where otherwise they would be exposed to great privations.

*A Pictorial Hint.*—With respect to the usual attitude of these people, when sitting in conversation, or in council, their faces just appearing above the upper edge of their shields, it struck me that very probably this might have given occasion for the representations made of an Ethiopian people who had no heads, but whose eyes and mouths were placed upon their breasts. No other reason can be found to account for the described appearance of the Blemmyes; and those who have seen the Dankalli sitting behind their shields, either in council or in battle-array, must admit, I think, the probability that this national and characteristic custom was the foundation of the ancient report.

*The Country towards the Abyssinia Alps.*—"The appearance of the country that we passed through was, as might be expected, very uniform the whole way; a beautiful long valley, extending in a general direction from the south-west towards the north-east. A rich alluvial soil was thinly strewn with a few dark-coloured fragments of the lava-ridges which formed the boundaries towards the east and west. Grass was very plentiful; and the trees so thick, as in some parts to assume the appearance of a wood. Enormous ant hills shewed their red tops between the summits of the low trees, and numerous herds of several different kinds of antelope were feeding all around. At length the lava-ridges on either side seemed to approach each other, and we reached a confined valley, through which flowed a narrow stream, winding among thick clumps of very high trees. Birds of the most brilliant plumage and gorgeously tinted butterflies made the road one continued cabinet-gallery of all that is rare and beautiful in the colours which are most admired in these painted favourites of nature."

"The moonen, or toothbrush-tree abounded at Sakeitaban. Several of the Hy Soumalee brought me a handful of the berries to eat; but I was soon obliged to call out, 'Hold, enough!' so warmly aromatic was their flavour. This singular fruit grows in drooping clusters of flesh-coloured mucilaginous berries, the size of our common red currants, each containing a single round seed, about as large as a peppercorn. The taste at first is sweet, and not unpleasant, and by some, I think, would be considered very agreeable indeed. After some little time, if many are eaten, the warmth in the palate increases considerably, and reminded me of the effect of pepper, or of very hot cress. As we approached the river Hawash I found these trees growing more abundantly."

"A curious kind of medicine I observed carefully picked up by my Dankalli companions. This was the hard clay-like faeces of the manous, or pangolin, said to have cathartic effects. This mailed ant-eater excavates with its strong fore-claws a passage through the thick mud-walls of the ant hills, and the numerous army of soldier and of labouring ants that are hereupon summoned to the rescue fall an easy prey to the slimy-tongued invader. The pangolin material-

ly assists the porcupine in obtaining his food; for after the destruction of the little animals by the former, he takes advantage of the excavated passage, and possesses himself of the hoards of grain and other seeds collected by these industrious insects. This, at least, appears to me the most reasonable mode of accounting for the presence of the porcupine so frequently found in the neighbourhood of a burrowed, and consequently a ruined, ant-hill."

"Near the Hawash the waters of the lake appeared to be much lower than the level of the Hawash. Lofty trees, many of them quite new to me, grew close down to the water's edge. Beneath them were some white pelicans, with their heads and long beaks resting upon their craws, that seemed to be idly ruminating upon their last meal of fish. The smooth surface of the lake at intervals was frequently disturbed by the cautiously protruded face and nostrils of a bulky hippopotamus, which, snorting with a deeply drawn breath, would prepare for his gambolling plunge again to the bottom. I fired several times, but without success, although my companions were satisfied themselves that some were killed, because the noise of the report, and perhaps the soft harmless tap of a leaden bullet, induced the animals to remove themselves farther off, or to keep altogether out of sight below the surface, as on occasion of emergency they can remain for a long period at the bottom without a fresh supply of air. I looked out for crocodiles, many of which other travellers reported were to be seen in this lake. I do not question the correctness of these observations, because I did not happen to see one myself. Many of my companions appeared to be familiar with the sight of them; for among other astonishing beasts I was to see at the Hawash was one, they told me, something like a lizard, which they used to represent by joining the two elbows together, and then opening wide the hands and fore-arms, intimated what an extent of mouth this animal had. Traces of hyenas, and of some large feline animal, were repeatedly seen; and although I saw no elephants in this place, their sharp trumpet-cry was heard throughout the next night. On idly turning over some stones to see the greatest number of scorpions I could find in one family, I came upon a large black centipede, curled up in the usual manner of these reptiles when they are exposed. Stooping to examine it more closely, Ohmed Medina, and others, who had seen me, without remark, amusing myself with the scorpions, now cried out that this would kill me, and some got up from the ground to pull me away; for they supposed I was going to take hold of it. Turning up my face with a peculiar look, as if they thought me such a goose, I said, in English, inquiringly, 'Bite like devil!' to which Ohmed Medina, in a tone of the most decided affirmation, made me laugh by repeating my words like an echo, 'Bite like devil!' accompanied with repeated nods of the head so appropriately, that he appeared fully to understand the import of the words he used. We loitered along the stony banks of the lake until long after the moon had risen, in the vain hope that the hippopotami would come out to graze, as is usual with them during the night. This, however, they were prevented doing, being alarmed by loud laughter and the clapping of hands, which proceeded from our camp; for the younger people of the kafilah were amusing themselves with dancing to celebrate their safe passage over the Hawash. The unusual noise confined the unwieldy beasts to their watery home, although the frequent rough snort, and the ripple which followed their return to the bottom of the lake, were evidences of the interest with which they watched for the termination of the boisterous sounds that, so unaccountably to them, broke upon the stillness of night, and usurped with whooping yells the usual retreats of solitude and silence."

*Slavery.*—"Many of the Dankalli Bedouins do certainly sell their female children. Garahmee, as I have before observed, had thus disposed of three, and Moosa of two daughters; and on more than one occasion I had offered to me for sale girls from ten to fourteen years old, at the price of about four or five dollars each. In merchandise, the value of a really handsome slave-girl appears much more trifling than when paid for in hard dollars, as six or seven cubits of blue sood, worth about two shillings in England, is a more than sufficient temptation to induce even a mother to part with her child. These bargains I observed were always transacted with the female relatives; but the returns, I was told, were generally handed over to the fathers or brothers. The girls were frightened to death at the idea of being sold to me, but seemed happy enough to leave their desert homes in search of fortunes elsewhere with masters of their own colour; and both parents and children in these business-transactions supported themselves most stoically, although on the eve of being separated for ever."

[The children-slaves, from 8 to 14 years of age, marching from the interior, are represented, as by Major Harris, to be well treated, and the liveliest little creatures in the country.]

*Entrail-Ornaments.*—"That portion of the entrails with which the Dankalli, in common with the other savage inhabitants of this part of Africa, are said to adorn themselves, is the omentum, or peritoneal covering of the bowels, and which corresponds with what, in our butchers' shops, is called the leaf, and from which lard is rendered. This omentum abounds with fat, easily melted by the sun. It is taken and twisted by the hands into a kind of rope, which is tied around the neck, the ends hanging low behind the back. It is not, therefore, for ornament that entrails are worn by these people; but for the relief and comfort the skin receives from unctuous substances when liable to exposure under a burning sun, and which has dictated the employment of this natural and constant supply of grease in the manner I have described."

"The value and safety of greasing the bodies, their ochring, and other customs, so laughed at and contemned, give rise to similar rites and customs of the toilet throughout the hot climate and arid land of Africa. Many are the foolish remarks which ignorance perpetuates, whether on tour or travel."

### THE DEATH BLANKET.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

A careful examination of the map of North America will show that the Blackfeet are a race of Indians dwelling on the Marias, the Yellowstone, and other tributaries of the Missouri, bounded towards the north by the Ojibbeways and Knistenaux, on the west by the Flatheads and Shoshonies; on the east and south by the Corbeaux, or Crows. In number about sixty thousand, they are warlike and predatory in the extreme, treat the traders with haughtiness, which, considering the fate of such aboriginal tribes as have mixed with the whites, is the less surprising; by their enemies are called blood-thirsty and relentless; and by the few white men who have dwelt amongst them from other motives than that of disposing of the insidious fire-water in exchange for furs, are designated as brave, fearless, honourable enemies, and true specimens of nature's gentlemen. Their costume is picturesque and elegant, though one feature in it is of a terrible cast. Beautifully dressed deerskin tunic, leggings and moccasins of the

\* Many names might be mentioned in connexion with this view of the subject; Catlin is however, the most conspicuous. I heard my account from trappers, who painted the Blackfeet, as Farnham has expressed it, 'blood-thirsty and thievish.'



same, with a band two inches in width down the seams exquisitely embroidered with porcupine quills, and further ornamented with small locks of black hair taken from the scalps of the enemy—such is their apparel. When mounted on their sturdy horses, with the short bow of horn or *bois d'arc*, the arrow, shield, and long spear, they may not inaptly be called the American Arabs. The skin of a buffalo bull, carefully garnished with porcupine quills, and painted rudely inside with representations of battle scenes, is often used as a cloak. Their spear heads are of steel; and their shields of buffalo, hardened with glue from that animal's hoof, will, when carefully turned, glance a rifle bullet. The women, obedient and meek, dress not so expensively, unless, indeed, it be a favourite young wife, upon whom, by way of great kindness, a coat of mountain goat-skin and a robe of young buffalo hide may be lavished. The costume of the children is so natural as to require no description, being, indeed, somewhat less intricate than that of the fat little native of Yucatan described by Stephens as putting on his hat as his sole article of clothing.

In the year 1828, a year ever memorable in the traditions of the Blackfoot nation, a village of this people was temporarily situated at the junction of a small stream with the Yellowstone. The tents were pitched on the right bank of the river to the number of 2500, placed along the water's edge in the position each thought most handy and convenient. For many days had they dwelt in that region, the buffalo being abundant and fat, and the hunters fully employed in laying in a stock of this staple food of the prairie. No animal is of greater utility than this mighty monarch of the American plains, the countless myriads of which, wandering hither and thither over the ocean-like expanse from the Rocky Mountains to Canada, and the frontiers of the States, is bread, meat, and clothing to the wild red man. As it migrates, the Indian follows, and keeping in the rear of the mighty horde, chases it with his sturdy horse and unerring bow; and rarely, indeed, is the warrior without the means of satisfying his appetite. When it is remarked that the buffalo often weighs 2000 pounds, it is at once seen what an acquisition a single animal is to a village. If this were the proper place to do so, we could expatiate through many columns on the various uses of this animal. The wigwams of the Blackfeet are made of buffalo skins sewed together, having been first dressed and shaped in a convenient manner. Some thirty pine poles, twenty-five feet in height, and lashed together at the summit, formed the frame, a hole at the top giving both light and vent to the smoke. Nothing can be more simple than the construction of this species of tent, which can be taken down and packed on the baggage horses, or dogs, with the utmost rapidity.

Early one morning, a short time after the sun had first shown itself from behind the low grassy mounds in the east, there lay concealed, on the ridge of a green knoll overlooking the village, a human being. His position was such as to command a full view of the whole of the lodges, the river, and the far-spreading prairie, which, like a huge sea, swelled interminably to the east and to the west, the north and the south. The muddy and cream-coloured Yellowstone rolled majestically at his feet, herds of buffalo were visible grazing afar off, but for neither had the stranger any eye. His glance was fixed upon the village, in which was visible the stir of a hunting party. Presently a long line of mounted warriors rode forth scouring the plain, and eager for the fray, though buffaloes, and not men, were the game sought after. Still, the excitement was great, death was to be dealt around, and to the wild untutored Indian the chase was the mimic representation of that far fiercer war held by him to be more ennobling and manly. At length the women, children, and old braves alone remained within the circle of the wigwams; and most of the former began to employ themselves in the exercise of those duties which constitute the peculiar employment of these laborious and patient creatures. Some were engaged in dressing skins of deer, goat, or buffalo, others studiously laboured at making pemmican, drying buffalo meat, and preparing marrow fat, called 'trappers butter,' and the other luxuries afforded by the carcass of the bison. Others, again, more femininely domestic, were sewing mocassins or tunics, nursing, meanwhile, their dark-skinned babes, which, mild and innocent as they appeared, were doomed, if they lived, to follow the war-path, to chase their hereditary enemies, the Crows and Assineboines, and to take their reeking scalps. Low, monotonous, and yet musical was the lullaby of these embrowned dames as they rocked the cradles by their every motion, it being, as usual, suspended to the back by a strap across the forehead. A few maidens, not yet entered on their matronly duties, sauntered down to the river side to bathe their dusky limbs, and these it was that the stranger watched with the most evident interest. Presently one more comely than the rest, and who, though not more than sixteen, presented the air and mein of a princess—so firmly, majestically, and bravely did she walk—separated herself from the rest, and, as if seeking for a more convenient spot, wandered down the stream towards the mound in question. A smile crossed the face of the skulking stranger; and rolling himself down the declivity on the opposite side to the village, he stood awaiting the girl's approach. Though darkened and tanned by exposure, it was plain that he was a white man. Henry Williams, such was his name, a student of medicine, had, some six months back, reached the station of the American fur company at the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri. Throughout the year, large parties of Indians assemble at this spot to trade peltries for powder, whisky, beads, &c. and among these were the Pe-a-gan Blackfeet above-described. Henry Williams had never been decidedly in love; many times he had fancied himself assailed by the tender passion, but each time some little absence or other circumstance had disproved the idea. His heart was then peculiarly open to new impressions. He saw Ah-key-nes-tou, a young and handsome Blackfoot (by the way, that pedal limb was in her a ruddy brown), the affianced bride of In-ne-cose, the Iron-horn. More reason for loving her. In-ne-cose was a morose and ill-favoured Indian, whose only recommendation was his wealth, since he was even not full-blooded, his father having been of the hated race of the Crows. Many years a prisoner among his father's clan, and at length released, his valour earned for him a high place among the relatives of his mother, though some shrewdly surmised that his abandonment of the country of his father arose from reasons not much to his credit. Still he was rich in peltries, scalps, and horses, had four wives already, and who could refuse him his daughter, even though that daughter were Ah-key-nes-tou? Williams thought the match a decidedly improper one, and as the girl wanted yet two months of sixteen, when the warrior was to claim his bride, he determined if possible to prevent it. The task was far from an easy one, since Ah-key-nes-tou, though she owned to a secret predilection for her white lover, yet knew that she had been paid for, two horses having been duly received from In-ne-cose by her parents. Now Ah-key, as Williams called her, was an honourable girl, and having, ere Henry paid his court to her, been proud of the richest man in the tribe as her suitor, had not refused her consent to the match, especially when her little heart was gratified by the sight of two noble horses handed to her father in exchange for his daughter. But Williams had, during some dozen stolen interviews, filled her head with newfangled notions. He had persuaded the dusky damsel that mutual

love was the most delightful thing in existence; had offered to quit home, friends, all for her sake; and, wedding her, become a wild hunter of the prairie. Last, but not least, he intended to offer six horses as his bridal gift. Still, In-ne-cose had been accepted; Ah-key considered herself his affianced wife, and both the lovers were particularly miserable and uncomfortable. Williams had left the steamer in which he was journeying up stream, and which for the first time visited that remote spot in the wilderness, to hurry on to the Pe-a-gan Blackfoot village overland, and was one day in advance of his white friends.

Williams and Ah-key met, and, without speaking, seated themselves on a green bank. The young man took the girl's hand, and looking her fondly in the face, remained silent during some minutes. At length he spoke. 'The days have been very long while the red-rose was absent from the sight of the young medicine. The sun was very bright, but I could not see; the moons are going fast, and the red-rose opens not its buds; soon, and the Iron-horn will want a fifth bride in his wigwam. The young medicine wishes but one bride; the earth is very full, but his tent is empty.' A slight tremour shook the Indian girl as she replied. It was, however, but for an instant. 'Ah-key-nes-tou has a heart, and it is very red; her father willed her to be the wife of a chief. Two have come, a red-skin and a pale-face. The red-skin is brave, but his heart is black; it is that of a Crow. The pale-face is young, and his tongue speaks no lies; he has no mate. The heart of Ah-key-nes-tou is very small; it can hold but one. I see it, and it shows me the face of a young medicine; but a wide river parts the red-rose and the pale-face. In-ne-cose had in his hand a black horse swift as the antelope, and a brown mare which never tires; they are not to be found in their place. The father of Ah-key-nes-tou counts two more than he did when the moon was young.'

'But,' replied the young man, as with mixed joy and grief he listened to the sad musical tones of the Indian girl, 'the medicine of the pale-faces is rich; he will give three horses for one that the Iron-horn has sent.'

To be valued at six of those useful animals was almost too much for the Blackfoot maiden; but she restrained her emotions of pride, and replied, 'The heart of my brother is large, he sets no count on a stray mule, but he cannot bring back the young moon. In-ne-cose misses his two steeds in the chase, and wants a squaw to dress his meat.'

Now, the idea of Ah-key's becoming anybody's squaw save his own, was more than Williams could look at patiently. His indignation would have exploded in words, but that, just as certain sentences of dire import were crowding to his tongue, his pretty young Blackfoot mistress rose calmly, and yet with so keen a fire in her eye, that Henry saw something unusual had happened. 'My brother is very wise,' said she smiling, 'but he does not hear a snake in the grass. The Iron-horn sees afar off; the young medicine of the pale-faces is not in his own wigwam. But no Blackfoot must say a brave has hidden near the camp of his friend. The red-rose will see if the water of the river can make her white, and my brother must go eat in the village of the Pe-a-gans.'

Williams comprehended at once that In-ne-cose had been watching them. Though this was no pleasant intelligence, yet could he not but smile at the quiet humour of his ruddy mistress, who, sooth to say, could not be called fair. Her behest was obeyed in an instant, after a rapid interchange of glances, which, amid lovers of all nations, creeds, and colours, are intuitively understood. His ponderous western rifle was then shouldered, and the summit of the mound once more gained. Standing so as to be seen by the whole village during some minutes, he slowly descended, and walked towards the lodge of the principal chief, an old brave, who, besides being the father of Ah-key-nes-tou, had the additional recommendation of being a personal friend, in consequence of the interchange of certain gifts, wherein the white man had shown himself unprecedently liberal. The reception by the old man was cordial and warm; breakfast and a pipe being immediately offered and accepted. After a due time devoted to the inhaling of the odorous kinnee-kinnee, Williams cautiously broached a subject which had occupied the thoughts and tongues of both on more than one occasion—namely, the disposal of the old man's daughter. The chief owned that he should be highly honoured by the white medicine's alliance, and equally highly pleased by the promised horses; but the affianced state of the maiden was a matter of by far too serious moment, he argued, to be treated lightly. 'In-ne-cose is a warrior, a brave; his wigwam has many scalps; he has smoked his pipe in the council-chamber, and his arm is very strong. The people of my tribe would say that War-Eagle was an old squaw if he shut his eyes against In-ne-cose.' Williams owned that there certainly were difficulties to be got over, but still could not think any of them insurmountable. He therefore quietly informed War-Eagle that a fire-ship was expected to reach the village before sunset, when his baggage and tent would be landed, preparatory to his taking up his residence among the Blackfeet. War-Eagle appeared pleased at the determination, and pointed out the summit of the hill where he had been first seen as an appropriate camping-ground. Williams assented, and then mounting a swift horse lent him by the good old chief hurried after the hunters.

Towards evening the approach of the steamer Yellowstone, or rather the fire-ship, being noised abroad, the whole population of the village, male and female, young and old, congregated on the water's edge to witness its arrival. There is no greater error in circulation with regard to the Indians, than that of either supposing them without curiosity, or as disdaining to evince any emotion of the kind. On great occasions, in solemn deliberation, when in view of thousands of whites, and perhaps among certain of the nobler tribes, the famed Indian stoicism certainly exists. But in their native wilds, surrounded only by their wives and little ones, they are true descendants of Eve, and can joke, laugh, and be curious with the best of us. The approach of a fire canoe, of which the population had heard a description from the few who had seen one, was so rare and extraordinary an occurrence, that their anxiety was raised to the highest pitch. Wherever the Yellowstone had been, she had been held by the Indians as big medicine. Unlike the Dutch at Newburgh, on the Hudson, who thought a steamer a floating saw-mill, they could give it no name; and when its twelve-pound cannon and eight pound swivel were discharged at intervals, their wonder was complete. 'Some of the inhabitants threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit; some shot their horses and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived to be offended; some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant; and others came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs, whose duty it was to approach and go on board. Sometimes they were thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women, children, and dogs—sage, sachem, old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe, which the captain let loose for his own amusement.'

After a short delay, Williams, who stood amid the throng of chiefs, gave



notice that the steamer was in sight, and soon it became plainly visible ploughing its way up the winding river, its black smoke and white steam escaping at intervals, while the guns sent forth thunder. In-ne-cose, who had kept apart from his rival, scowling and fierce, now approached, and, terror, and consternation in his face, plainly demonstrated his wish to be on good terms with the relative of so terrible a monster. Williams, however, scorned his advances, and remained in converse with War-Eagle. Meanwhile the boat came rapidly nearer and nearer, and various names were given it. One called it the 'big thunder-canoe,' another the 'big medicine canoe with eyes,' and all decided that it was a great mystery. In a short time it came in front of the village, and all was still and silent as the grave until it was moored, when Williams led the chiefs down to the water's edge, and on board. In-ne-cose, not yet recovered from his anxiety, followed in the rear. Cordial greetings took place between the whites and the Blackfeet, who, however, were chiefly occupied in examining the wonderful structure which 'saw its own way, and took the deep water in the middle of the channel.'

Early on the following morning the steamer, having landed the young medicine's tent and baggage on the beach, departed on its way down the river, leaving Williams alone with his red friends, save as far as an honest Canadian trapper might be considered society. Williams's first duty was to erect his wigwam, and deposit his treasures therein, composed of ammunition, a medicine chest, and sundry matters agreeable both to male and female Indian taste. This, with the aid of Bogard was soon effected, and on the very spot designated by War-Eagle. Scarcely was their duty concluded, when a messenger—an Indian lad as usual—summoned the two white men to a council of the chiefs. Bogard and Williams obeyed, though neither could understand the reason of this sudden requisition. They, however, followed in silence, and were led to the open place of the village, in front of the council chamber, where the chiefs were assembled in the open air, in the presence of the women and young men. A single glance satisfied Williams of the nature of the subject to be deliberated upon. In-ne-cose was smoking his tomahawk pipe with the most stoical gravity, his form enveloped in a rare and beautiful Mexican poncho; but round the corners of his mouth there was a smile of malicious meaning, and a furtive rolling of the eyes towards the spot where, standing upright near her father, was Ah-key-nes-tou, a model of beauty and female modesty, with a slight dash of pride. As Henry Williams sat gravely down, forming one of the circle of chiefs, Bogard, who took his place close in his rear, whispered in his ear a few sentences. Williams looked hastily at In-ne-cose, examined him curiously, and appearing convinced of the truth of his Canadian friend's remarks, he turned deadly pale, and a shudder came over him. Regaining his outward composure by a strong effort, the young medicine accepted the calumet, and took several whiffs; he then relapsed into inactivity. For ten minutes not a syllable was heard, when, at a sign from the War-Eagle, In-ne-cose arose.

'A pale-faced medicine, a son of the big thunder canoe, has pitched his tent by the wigwams of the Blackfeet. It is good. There is much ground which is empty, there is plenty of buffalo; my young friend is rich, and a great warrior; his skin is white, but his heart is very red—he will be a friend to the Blackfoot, who calls him brother. But the young medicine is alone; he has no squaw to cook his meat, to saddle his horse, and make his bed with soft skins and bulrushes—he has no wife to bring home the game which he kills, and the path to the Crows is very long; he cannot have a slave. Look around; the young women of the tribe are many; the dogs of Assinebois came in the night, and took scalps like sneaking faint hearts (Indian expression for a dandy, a character despised by these warlike people), and the women are plenty as buffalo; they are very fair; my young friend is rich—he can buy two wives; let him choose; and he can take his squaw when In-ne-cose takes Ah-key-nes-tou. I have said.'

An emphatic 'hugh!' proceeded from the whole circle, both those who understood the secret motives of the Iron-horn congratulating him on his cunning, and those who did not, sincerely wishing to see the son of the big thunder canoe adopted into the tribe. Williams rose immediately, and as he understood the language sufficiently (Ah-key-nes-tou had been his teacher), addressed the assembly without the aid of an interpreter: 'In-ne-cose is a dog.' This unexpected opening riveted every eye upon the speaker, though not a muscle appeared to move in any one of the dusky forms, save Ah-key-nes-tou, who looked at her lover admiringly. 'His skin is that of a Blackfoot, because he is very cunning, and has painted, but his heart is the heart of a Crow. Does a Blackfoot lie?—does a Blackfoot steal? It is a Crow that is guilty. The Great Spirit is angry; a vulture is among the eagles, and would carry away the prettiest eaglet; but the Manitou wills it not. In-ne-cose will be in his happy hunting-ground before the sun goes seven times to sleep; but In-ne-cose will take many Blackfeet with him—warriors, sachems, women, children, perhaps Ah-key-nes-tou; and Williams, deeply moved, could only add, 'I have said.'

The War-Eagle rose hastily, evidently alarmed, and, turning to the young lover, said, 'My pale face brother is very wise; the Great Spirit tells him his will. Why is he angry? In-ne-cose is a Crow, and if he be a vulture, and the Manitou says it, he must go.'

In-ne-cose and Williams rose together, but the former, who, though not altogether successful in concealing his emotion, still preserved the stoical and calm gravity of a chief, gave way, and the young medicine proceeded to explain himself. He informed the assembled warriors—in language too circumlocutory and figurative to be rendered into English literally—that on the passage up the Yellowstone but two days before, a Mexican merchant on his way to Santa Fe, had died of the small-pox, a disease which, he informed the Indians, was terribly contagious to those who were not guarded against it by a great medicine operation. The merchant who had died owned, among other things, the blanket, or poncho, which now enveloped the form of In-ne-cose, and had actually breathed his last with it around him. As all those in the steamboat, besides, were American citizens, and were vaccinated, the man's clothes had been merely hung up in the wind; but In-ne-cose having stolen the article in question, and worn it during many hours, he felt quite sure that death was his portion. Williams added, that every Indian who went near him, who touched him or his blanket, who came within range of the same atmosphere, would die also, unless, indeed, he could with his medicine save them. 'It is very black; a dark night is coming; the Great Spirit is angry; one month, and perhaps not a Pe-a-gan lodge will be full. But In-ne-cose loves Ah-key-nes-tou; let her go to the lodge of the pale-face, and the pale-face to the wigwam of the Iron-horn. Seven suns will not pass ere the Great Spirit calls many to his happy hunting-ground.'

Long ere Williams had done speaking every living being within the arena had moved to a distance from In-ne-cose, who sat still smoking his pipe, to all outward appearance as calm as he had previously been. A slight pallor through his dusky skin might have been visible to a keen observer. Slowly

rising at last, he turned gravely to Williams: 'The Great Spirit is in the clouds, and calls all his people to him, and they must go. The little ones of the Iron-horn slept on the mystery blanket; they woke, and were well. Will the bad spirit touch them?' And disdaining to show fear for himself, the wretched man drew the poncho closer about him.

'The lightning blasts the old oak and the young sapling,' replied Williams.

'In-ne-cose is rich, he has four squaws; if the young medicine of the pale-faces will drive away the bad spirit from the little ones, he may take Ah-key-nes-tou to his wigwam.'

Williams seized the warrior's hand, and wrung it with energy. Telling Bogard to lead Ah-key-nes-tou to his tent, and then to bring down the medicine chest, the white mystery-man followed his late rival to the wigwam of his children. We hesitate to paint the scene which followed. Let us borrow the words of a native historian. 'The infected article spread the dread infection among the whole tribe. They were amazed at the appearance of the disease. The red blotch, the bile, congestion of the lungs, liver, and brain, were all new to the medicine-men; and the body falling in pieces while they buried it, struck horror into every heart. In their frenzy and ignorance, despite advice of the white doctor, they increased the number of their sweat ovens upon the banks of the stream; and, whether the burning fever or want of nervous action prevailed, whether frantic with pain, or tottering in death, they were placed in them, sweated profusely, and plunged into the snowy waters of the river. They endeavoured for a time to bury their dead, but these were soon more numerous than the living. The evil-minded medicine-men of all ages had come in a body from the world of spirits—had entered into them, and were working the annihilation of the Blackfoot race. The Great Spirit had also placed the floods of his displeasure between himself and them; he had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurors, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hunts were ended; their bows were broken. The fire in the great pipe was extinguished for ever: their graves called for them, and the call was now answered by a thousand dying groans. Mad with superstition and fear, brother forsook sister, father his son, and mother her sucking child, and fled to the elevated vales among the western heights, where the influence of the climate restored the remainder of the tribe to health. Of the 2500 families existing at the time the pestilence commenced, one or more members of 800 only survived its ravages; and even to this hour do the bones of 7000 or 8000 Blackfeet lie unburied among the decaying lodges of their deserted village on the banks of the Yellowstone.'

In-ne-cose—some said the blanket was given him by a trader who hated the Blackfeet—died among the earliest; while Ah-key-nes-tou, persuaded by Williams, was the first who fled. The medical student did his best to persuade the Indians to abandon the place at once; he also exerted himself to save as many as possible; but both his advice and remedies being disregarded, he took a canoe, and, with Ah-key-nes-tou—now an orphan—and Bogard, made the best of his way to St. Louis. No longer a lover of the wilds, he braved the ridicule of society, and, marrying his Indian bride, took up his residence on the banks of the Missouri, in the town above-mentioned, and no medical man in the state has a higher reputation than our hero. Last time I heard of him was through a paragraph in the St. Louis Republican, which said, 'For SENATOR, that eminent patriot, Dr. Henry Williams.'

## THE LIFE AND ATROCITIES OF SAWNEY BEANE.

[We copy from Johnson's "Lives of Highwaymen" the following narrative, the details of which would be incredible were they not attested by public and other records of unquestionable authority. The narrator says—]

The following narrative presents such a picture of human barbarity, that were it not attested by the most unquestionable historical evidence, it would be rejected as altogether fabulous and incredible.

Sawney Beane was born in the county of East Lothian, about eight miles east of Edinburgh, in the reign of James VI. His father was an hedger and ditcher, and brought up his son to the same laborious employment. Naturally idle and vicious, he abandoned that place, along with a young woman equally idle and profligate, and retired to the deserts of Galloway, and took up their habitation by the sea side. The place which Sawney and his wife selected for their dwelling was a cave of about a mile in length, and of considerable breadth—so near the sea that the tide often penetrated into the cave above two hundred yards. The entry had many intricate turnings and windings which led to the extremity of the subterraneous dwelling, which was literally "the habitation of horrid cruelty."

Sawney and his wife took shelter in this cave, and commenced their depredations. To prevent the possibility of detection, they murdered every person that they robbed. Destitute also of the means of obtaining any other food, they resolved to live upon human flesh. Accordingly, when they had murdered any man, woman, or child, they carried them to their den, quartered them, salted and pickled the members, and dried them for food. In this manner they lived, carrying on their depredations and murder, until they had eight sons and six daughters, eighteen grandsons, and fourteen grand-daughters, all the offspring of incest.

But though they soon became numerous, yet, such was the multitude who fell into their hands, that they had often superabundance of provisions, and would, at a distance from their own habitation, throw legs and arms of dried human bodies into the sea by night.—These were often thrown out by the tide and taken up by the country people, to the great consternation and dismay of all the surrounding inhabitants. Nor could any discover what had befallen the many friends, relations, and neighbours who had unfortunately fallen into the hands of these merciless cannibals.

In proportion as Sawney's family increased, every one that was able acted his part in their horrid assassinations. They would sometimes attack four or six men on foot, but never more than two upon horseback. To prevent the possibility of escape, they would lay an ambush in every direction, that if they escaped those who first attacked, they might be assailed with renewed fury by another party, and inevitably murdered. By this means they always secured their prey and prevented detection.

At last, however, the vast number who were slain, raised the inhabitants of the country, and all the woods and lurking places were carefully searched; and though they often passed by the mouth of the horrible den, it was never once suspected that any human being resided there. In this state of uncertainty and suspense, concerning the authors of such frequent massacres, several innocent travellers and innkeepers were taken up upon suspicion; because the persons who were missing had been seen last in their company, or had last resided at their houses. The effect of this well-meant and severe justice, con-

\* See Farnham's Great Western Prairies.



strained the greater part of the inn-keepers in those parts, to abandon such employments, to the great inconvenience of those who travelled through that district.

Meanwhile, the country became depopulated, and the whole nation was surprised how such numerous and unheard of villanies and cruelties could be perpetrated, without the least discovery of the abominable actors. At length Providence interposed in the following manner to terminate this horrible scene:—One evening, a man and his wife were riding home upon the same horse, from a fair which had been in the neighbourhood; and, being attacked, he made the most vigorous resistance; unfortunately, however, his wife was dragged from behind him, carried to a little distance, and her entrails taken out. Struck with grief and horror, the husband continued to redouble his efforts to escape, and even trod some of them down under his horse's feet. Fortunately for him and for the inhabitants of that part of the country, in the meantime, twenty or thirty in a company came riding home from the same fair. Upon their approach Sawney and his bloody crew fled into a thick wood, and hastened to their infernal den.

This man, who was the first that had ever escaped out of their hands, related to his neighbours what had happened, and showed them the mangled body of his wife, which lay at a distance, the blood-thirsty wretches not having time to carry it along with them. They were all struck with astonishment and horror, took him with them to Glasgow, and reported the whole adventure to the chief magistrate of the city. Upon this intelligence, he wrote to the King, informing him of the matter.

In a few days, his Majesty in person, accompanied by four hundred men, went in quest of the perpetrators of such cruelties. The man who had his wife murdered before his eyes went as their guide, with a number of blood-hounds, that no possible means might be left unattempted to discover the haunt of these execrable villains.

They searched the woods, traversed and examined the sea-shore; but, though they passed by the entrance into their cave, they had no suspicion that any creature resided in that dark and dismal abode. Fortunately, however, some of the blood-hounds entered the cave, and raised up an uncommon barking and noise, indicating that they were about to seize their prey. The King and his men returned, but could scarcely conceive how any human being could reside in a place of utter darkness, and where the entrance was difficult and narrow; but as the blood-hounds increased in their vociferation, and refusing to return, it occurred to all that the cave ought to be explored to the extremity. Accordingly, a sufficient number of torches were provided. The hounds were permitted to pursue their course—a great number of men penetrated through all the intricacies of the path, and at length arrived at the private residence of these horrible cannibals.

They were followed by all the band, who were shocked to behold a sight unequalled in Scotland, if not in any part of the universe. Legs, arms, thighs, hands, and feet of men, women, and children were suspended in rows like dried beef. Some limbs and other members were soaked in pickle, while a great mass of money, both of gold and silver, watches, rings, pistols, cloths, both woollen and linen, with an innumerable quantity of other articles, were either thrown together in heaps, or suspended upon the sides of the cave.

The whole cruel, brutal family, to the number formerly mentioned, were seized; the human flesh buried in the sand of the sea shore; the immense booty carried away, and the King marched to Edinburgh with the prisoners. This new and wretched spectacle attracted the attention of the inhabitants, who flocked from all quarters to see this bloody and unnatural family as they passed along, which had increased, in the space of twenty-five years, to the number of twenty-seven men and twenty-one women. Arrived in the capital, they were all confined in the Tolbooth under a strong guard; they were next day conducted to the common place of execution in Leith Walk, and executed without any formal trial, it being deemed unnecessary to try those who were avowed enemies of all mankind and of all social order.

The enormity of their crimes dictated the severity of their death. The wretched mother of the whole crew, the daughters and grand-children, after being spectators of the death of the men, were cast into three separate fires, and consumed to ashes. Nor did they, in general, display any signs of repentance or regret, but continued, with their last breath, to pour forth the most dreadful curses and imprecations upon all around, and upon all those who were instrumental in bringing them to such well-merited punishments.

## POETS' CORNER AND POETS' FUNERALS.

INTERMENT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The poet of 'Hope' and 'Hohenlinden' was buried on Wednesday last, in Westminster Abbey, in that part of the building called the south-transsept, or Poet's Corner. No poet of our generation could have made good a better claim to such sepulture than Thomas Campbell. He well deserves to lie in classic ground:—

My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further to make thee a room—  
Thou art a monument without a tomb;  
And art alive still while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read and praise to give.

Mr. Campbell's book, that neat pyramid, which Cowley commends so warmly, is more than enough for fame hereafter. Collins and Gray together, can, in bulk, barely make a volume.

A poet's interment, in Poets' Corner, is a rare occurrence: the last person essentially and entirely a poet who was buried there, was Gay, who died in 1732. Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan, Macpherson, and Gifford, can make but slender claims to the bays and "singing robes" of poets, for their greater works have little to do with poetry so called, or with the divine fury of the Muse. Considering, therefore, the long interval that has elapsed, and the high honour so lately paid to Mr. Campbell, in the noble attendance that stood beside his grave, it will not, perhaps, be thought ill-timed or out of place if, before we describe Mr. Campbell's funeral, we here relate the history of Poet's Corner, and refer our readers back to the funeral honours that have been paid our poets' long since or more lately dead.

We had no poets to inter before Gower and Chaucer; and Gower was a man of wealth, who had money to leave for erection of his own monument, and the performance of a yearly obit for his soul. The obit ceased at the Reformation, but the monument still exists in St. Saviour's Church, in Southwark where the poet's head may be seen resting on three stone books, with a chapellet upon it, like a coronet of four roses. The morning star of English verse, old Geoffrey Chaucer, was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, that is, without the building; but a poet and scholar of Oxford, by name Nicholas

Brigham, removed his remains in 1555, to their present resting-place, in the south cross aisle of the church, and erected the monument to the noble old poet, which we still see standing in Poets' Corner.

Spenser died in King-street, Westminster, on the 16th January 1598-9, actually, we are told, "for lack of bread." He refused twenty-pieces sent him by my Lord of Essex, and said he was sorry he had no time to spend them:—

And had not that great heart (whose honoured head,  
Ah, lies full low) pitied thy woful plight,  
There hadst thou lien unwept unburied,  
Unblest, nor graced with any common rite.

Phineas Fletcher.

"He was buried," says Campbell, "according to his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer; and the most celebrated poets of the time (Shakspeare was probably of the number,) followed his hearse, and threw tributary verses into his grave." Twenty years after his decease, Daniel's kind patroness, the Countess of Dorset, erected a monument to his memory, and inscribed upon it that short but beautiful inscription which the poet Mason transferred, in 1778, from Purbeck stone to statuary marble, and which still remains an exact imitation of the original.

The next great poet interred in Poets' Corner, was Francis Beaumont—

Fletcher's associate, Johnson's friend beloved.

The day of his death is unknown, but he was buried on the 9th March, 1615-16. He was only thirty years old when he died; and his epitaph was written by his elder brother, the poet of Bosworth Field:—

Thou shouldst have followed me, but death, to blame,  
Miscounted years and measured age by fate.

No "great heart" came forward to honour his memory in marble, and the associate of Fletcher still sleeps beneath a rude and nameless stone.

Drayton, who died in 1631, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner, for he lies, says Heylin, who was at his funeral, under the north wall, near a little door which opens to one of the prebendal houses. The same Countess of Dorset, who set up Spenser's monument bestowed a marble bust upon Michael Drayton, and Jonson or Quarles supplied that noble epitaph still half legible in Poets' Corner. In 1637 Ben Jonson followed his friend Drayton to the grave. Ben, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner: why is unknown. He is buried in the north aisle of the nave, with this brief inscription to denote the spot: "O Rare Ben Jonson"—"which was done," says Aubrey, "at the charge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted), who walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cut it."

The next poet buried in Westminster Abbey was buried in Poets' Corner. This was Thomas May (Secretary May), the translator of Lucan, and the Historian of the Long Parliament. But May was not allowed to lie too long in Poets' Corner. At the Restoration his body was taken up and thrown into a pit, dug for the purpose in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Margaret's. Still greater indignities awaited Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw and Blake. May's monument was destroyed at the same time—it stood where Triplett's stands.

At Chertsey, on the Thames, on the 28th July 1667, died Abraham Cowley. The body of the great poet was brought by water from Chertsey to Whitehall—

Oh, early lost! what tears the River shed,

When the sad pomp along his banks was led!—Pope.

In March 1668, died at his official house in Scotland-yard, Sir John Denham, the poet of Cooper's Hill. He died mad, nor have we any account of his interment in Poets' Corner. He was buried, however, close to Cowley, whose "death and burial amongst the ancient poets," he has celebrated in one of the very best of his poems. Davenant followed Denham in less than a month, and was buried where May had been before. This circumstance is curious. At Jonson's death both Davenant and May were candidates for the vacant laurel. It was given to Davenant so much to May's mortification, that for this reason alone he was said, by the adverse party, to have sided with the Parliament against the King. Davenant was the patentee of the Duke's Theatre; and all his company, with Betterton at their head, attended his body to the grave. "He was buried in Westminster Abbey," says old Downes, the prompter, "near Mr. Chaucer's monument, our whole company attending his funeral."

Glorious John Dryden was the next great poet buried in Poets' Corner. A private burial in an adjoining churchyard was all that was at first intended, and the funeral procession was actually on its way to so obscure a grave, when it was interrupted, and strange as it may appear, actually put an end to. The chief movers in this extraordinary proceeding were the witty Earl of Dorset, and the second Lord Jefferys, the son of the notorious Judge Jefferys. The poet's body, at their request, was then conveyed to the house of Mr. Russel, a celebrated undertaker, for the purpose of embalment. From Mr. Russel's it was moved to the College of Physicians, where it lay for ten days in state. The after-history of this second funeral is thus given in the papers of that period: "The corpse of that great and witty poet, John Dryden, Esq., having lain in state for some time in the College of Physicians, was yesterday [13th May 1700] carried in great state to Westminster Abbey, where he was interred with Chaucer, Cowley, &c. But before he was removed from the College, Dr. Garth made an eloquent oration in Latin, in praise of the deceased; and the Ode of Horace, beginning *Exegi monumentum are perennius*, set to mournful music, was sung there, with a concert of trumpets, hautboys, and other instruments. The corps was preceded by several mourners on horseback; before the hearse went the music on foot, who made a very harmonious noise. The hearse was followed by twenty coaches, drawn by six horses, and twenty-four drawn by two horses each, most of them in mourning."

After this newspaper paragraph, the reader will not, perhaps, think Farquhar's Picture of the Funeral too highly coloured for the truth. "I come now from Mr. Dryden's funeral, where he had an Ode in Horace sung, instead of David's Psalms; whence you may find, that we do not think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for Hudibras than him; because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque: but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion: for I do believe there was never such another burial seen." All this getting-up at the College was done by Dr. Garth. "The best good Christian, without knowing it," that Pope had ever known.

Nicholas Rowe, who died in King Street, Covent Garden, on the 16th of December, 1718, was the next poet of eminence interred in Poets' Corner. He was buried at night, in a grave "over against Chaucer," his friend, Dr. Atterbury, then Dean of Westminster, reading the burial service. Another six months gone by, and Addison is buried in the same grave. This delightful writer died at Holland House, Kensington, on the 17th of June, 1719, from



whence his body was conveyed to the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state. Addison was buried at night, a circumstance beautifully alluded to by Tickell, in his Elegy on his death:—

Can I forget the dismal night that gave,  
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!  
How silent did his old companions tread,  
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead;  
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!  
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,  
The pealing organ and the pausing choir,  
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,  
And the last word, that dust to dust conveyed!

"It was her own wish," says Campbell of Mrs. Siddons, "that she should be interred with the plainest simplicity; and I know not how it is, but so it is, that I visit her suburban grave with calmer sensations of melancholy pleasure than if I had to approach it in Westminster Abbey—

Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!"

Prior was the next, in point of time, interred in Poets' Corner. "It is my will," he says, "that I be buried privately in Westminster Abbey, and that, after my debts and funeral charges are paid, a monument be erected to my memory, whereon may be expressed the public employment I have bore. The inscription I desire may be made by Dr. Robert Freind, and the busts expressed in marble by Coriveaux placed on the monument. For this last piece of human vanity, I will that the sum of five hundred pounds be set aside." "I had not strength enough," says Atterbury, "to attend Mr. Prior to his grave. else I would have done it, to have shewed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried as he desired, at the feet of Spenser, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living: particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster." We quote the inadmissible triplet, because, at this time, the past and present opinions of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster are of some consequence:—

To me 'twas given to die; to thee 'tis given

To live: alas! one moment sets us even—

Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven.

A melancholy truth, told aptly, is infinitely more admissible than a whole catalogue of virtues which human frailty could never possess.

Congreve followed Prior, but the witty dramatist is buried not in Poets' Corner, but as far from kings and poets as he well could lie. The author of the 'Old Bachelor' died at his house in Surrey Street, in the Strand, whence his body was removed to the Jerusalem Chamber, in Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state, before it was interred in the south transept of the Abbey. The six pall-bearers were the Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl of Godolphin, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, Mr. George Berkeley, and General Churchill.

On the 4th of December died Johnny Gay, the simple and gentle hearted Gay, who breathed his last at the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens, from whence we are told, "his body was brought by the Company of Upholders to Exeter 'change, in the Strand; where, after lying in a very decent state, it was drawn in a hearse trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning-coaches and six horsemen, to Westminster Abbey. The pall was supported by the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Viscount Cornbury; the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Dornier, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Pope (the poet). The service was read by the then Dean, Dr. Wilcox, the choir attending."

The body of David Garrick was conveyed from his own house in the Adelphi, on the 1st of February 1779, to Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, "where it was interred," says Davies, "under the monument of his beloved Shakespeare." The 'Order' of the funeral may be found appended to every Life of the great actor. There was no lying-in-state in the Jerusalem Chamber, but the body was received at the west-door, by the Dean of Westminster, who, attended by the gentlemen of the choir, preceded the corpse up the centre aisle; the full organ and choir performing Purcell's grand funeral service. The pall-bearers, on this occasion, were, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, Lord Camden, Earl of Ossory, and Viscount Palmerston. Twenty-four of the principal actors of both theatres; and Dr. Johnson and other members of 'The Club' attended to the grave the man, of whom it was said that his death eclipsed for a time the gaiety of nations.

Dr. Johnson soon followed his friend and pupil, Garrick, to the grave. "His funeral was attended," says Boswell, "by a respectable number of friends, particularly such of the members of the Literary Club as were in town; and was also honoured with the presence of several of the Reverend Chapter of Westminster. Mr. Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Windham, Mr. Langton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Colman bore his pall. His Schoolfellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the funeral service." The great lexicographer lies buried close to the coffin of his friend Garrick.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan died at Saville Row, on the 7th of July, 1816, and on the 14th, his body was buried in the south cross-aisle of Westminster Abbey. His pall-bearers were the Duke of Bedford, Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, the Lord Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Earl Spencer. May we not exclaim with Pope, on this funeral solemnity:—

"But yet the rich have something in reserve,

They help'd to bury whom they help'd to starve."

Shakspeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles's in the Fields; Marlowe in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne in Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller in Beaconsfield churchyard; Milton in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth in the church at Harrow; Pope in the church at Twickenham; Swift in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young, at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector. Thomson in the churchyard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins in St. Andrew's church at Chichester; Gray in the churchyard of Stoke-Pogeis, where he conceived his 'Elegy'; Goldsmith in the churchyard of the Temple church; Falconer at sea, with "all ocean for his grave;" Churchill in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper in the church at Dereham; Chatterton, in a churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries; Byron in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe at Trowbridge; Coleridge in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh

Abbey; Southey in Crossthwaite church, near Keswick; Shelley, "beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome;" Keats beside him, "under the pyramid, which is the tomb of Cestius;" and Thomas Campbell, in Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey.

Few of our poets would appear to have left any particular directions about their graves. Dr. Donne designed his own strange monument for old St. Paul's; "Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;" and Swift expressed a wish on paper that he should be buried in some dry part of St. Patrick's Cathedral: "I desire (he says in his will) that my body may be buried in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of Primate Narcissus Marsh; three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at 12 o'clock at night." Pope has an epitaph "for One (meaning himself) who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey." "As to my body (he says), my will is that it be buried near the monument of my dear parents at Twickenham, and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth as mourning." "I do desire (says Gray) that my body may be deposited in the vault, made by my late dear mother in the churchyard of Stoke Pogeis, near Slough, in Buckinghamshire, by her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined nor covered." Men, like ladies, have their particularities for the grave—and where they are reasonable in request, it is only common charity to see them carried into execution.

It is a singular circumstance, unobserved on this occasion, that another of our poets should have died, like Campbell, at Boulogne. This was Charles Churchill, who died in that city, on the 4th of November, 1764. The coincidence is still more curious, because there was some talk at the time of making a formal application for placing a monument to his memory, amongst our ancient poets. "Some of his admirers (says Southey) were inconsiderate enough to talk of erecting a monument to him in Westminster Abbey; but if permission had been asked it must necessarily have been refused; it would have been not less indecent to grant than to solicit such an honour, for a clergyman who had thrown off his gown, and renounced, as there appeared too much reason to apprehend, his hope in Christ."

The remains of Mr. Campbell were brought from Boulogne on Sunday last, and deposited two days after in a vault under the Jerusalem Chamber, preparatory to his interment in Poets' Corner on the following Wednesday. The friends and admirers of the poet were made aware by letter of the day of burial, with an intimation at the same time, that the executors and friends would assemble in the Jerusalem Chamber, and follow from that celebrated room their lamented poet to his grave. In compliance with this intimation, so completely accordant with their own feelings, upwards of one hundred noblemen and gentlemen assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber. Amongst those present, we observed: the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Morpeth, Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, Lord Leigh, and Sir Robert Peel (pall bearers) Lord Strangford, Lord Dudley Stuart, Sir John Hobhouse, the Belgian Ambassador, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Sheil, Sir Percy Shelley, Mr. Moncton Milnes, Sir John Hanmer, Dr. Croly, Mr. Lockhart, the Rev. W. Harness, Mr. Emerson Tennent, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Browning, &c., with the two executors Dr. Beattie and Mr. William Moxon.

By some unfortunate mismanagement, the procession had moved on, and part of the service had commenced before the poet's friends in the Jerusalem Chamber, were made aware that their attendance was required. On entering the Abbey after the summons came, it was seen at a glance that a push must be made by all who desired to be present at the ceremony, for crowds unasked had already assembled, with greater opportunities of getting within the limits of seeing. A quick succession of feet was heard—then a run, and a cry of "stand back," while a spiked barrier was closed by the vergers. All was crush, disorder, and remonstrance: Farquhar's description of Dryden's funeral came across our minds, and then the scene described by Mrs. Thomas, and demolished by Malone. Nor did we forget a memorable stanza in Coleridge:—

To see a man tread over graves

I hold it no good mark;

'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,

And bad luck in the dark.

Remonstrances were at length of some avail, a flash of information coming across the attendants' minds, that the "old companions" of the poet were wholly excluded. Spiked barriers and iron gates began to open, and the friends of the poet, by the time the service was half over, were permitted to come forward. The scene as you approached was strikingly impressive; the whole transept was filled with anxious faces. The pall was placed upon the coffin in the middle of the transept, and the grave was seen dug above the grave of Dr. Johnson, for in so crowded a spot a spare corner for even a poet like Campbell, is of much importance. The well-known voice of Mr. Milman was heard reading the burial service over the grave of his friend and fellow-poet; Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Brougham were seen standing at the foot of Addison's statue, and the present Duke of Argyll at the base of Roubiliac's fine monument to the great Duke of Argyll. All assembled seemed sensible that a poet's ashes were being committed to poetic ground, and all on their departure took pleasure in acknowledging that our great statesmen had done justice to themselves, in paying homage to the majesty of genius.

At that part of the service, where we "commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes and dust to dust," one of the Polish exiles cast upon the coffin of their friend some earth which he had brought with him from the grave of the great Kosciuszko.

All that now remains to be done, is to erect an appropriate monument to the poet's memory, in Poets' Corner. This should be done at once.

Lon Ion Athenæum.

## Miscellaneous Articles.

### AN AMERICAN PIONEER.

This fellow had been born in the woods, had never been in a village, and knew nothing of the arts and customs of society. He seemed a fearless, good-tempered creature, with a great deal of conceit of his own cleverness; had no property of his own but his rifle, and never had possessed any save that which he acquired by his wandering and desultory pursuits. He had a prejudice against all men who were not, like himself, freed from every kind of restraint, and did not go willingly amongst them. When I had conversed with him for some time, he asked me if I was a lawyer. I told him no, that I was afraid I was nothing much to boast of in the way of business. "Why then," said he, "I swear that's just what I am, and I'm glad you are not a lawyer, for the lawyers is the most cursedest varmint, I reckon, that's abawt." "Where have you met with any lawyers," said I; "there are none in this part of the country?" "Stranger," he replied, "I once lived ajynning (adjoining) to the Gae-



conade what runs into the Missouri, and so they set off Franklin Caywnty ajnying to it; and wherever they set up a caywnty, you see, there the lawyers is sure to come. And so a farmer what I owed fourteen deer skins to, sent a constable and tuk me, and wanted to haul me into the caywnty, and so the more he wanted me to go the more I wouldn't go, and I gave him a most almighty whipping. Soon arter, three fellows comed from Franklin, and tuk me, and hauled me to what they called the court house, where there was a lawyer they called Judge Monson, and he fined me ten gallons for whipping the constable. 'Why,' said I, 'you don't mean to say you'll make me pay ten gallons for whipping that ar fellow?' 'Yes, I do,' says he, 'and that you shall see!' 'Then,' says I, 'I calculate I'll whip you like—the first time I catch you in the woods, if I have to pull all the bees and all the bars in Missouri out of their holes.' And so the crittur had me locked up till one of the settlers that wanted me to do a job for him said he would pay the ten gallons; but I didn't like them practyses; I seed the country warn't a going to be worth living in, and so I left the Gasconade Caywnty and comed here, for you'll mind that where ever the lawyers and the court house come, the other varmint, bars and such like, are sure to quit.'—Characters of this kind are now only to be met with on the remote frontiers: most of their cabins are destitute of furniture and food, and at certain seasons the sickly inhabitants look as if their clothes had never been taken off, their faces washed, or their hair combed. The settling of the country is a great annoyance to men of this class; for where the white man comes to plant and live, the buffalo and elk will not stay, the deer and bear become thinned off, and amongst his former friends the hunter is almost reduced at last to the deer, the wild turkey, the racoon, and opossum, which being totally insufficient for his wants, he gradually becomes a dependant upon the more opulent planter, the only person who has *always* something to eat. This he tries for a while, and pays for his subsistence in little jobs; but the restraint is too great, and at length he bursts his chains, and plunges into the wilderness some hundreds of miles off, 'whar the bars is a plenty.'

Featherstonhaugh's Excursion.

#### MELANCHOLY FULFILMENT OF A PREDICTION.

A Mrs. Farara (an English woman) accompanied by her husband to Algiers, where the general impression was, that he was not always so kind to his gentle wife as he ought to have been; but alas! ere long, besides such grief, she had other and more poignant sorrows to endure. A son was born to her,—a lovely boy; so lovely, indeed, was he, that he excited the admiration of all who beheld him. He had just completed his second year, and was one evening at the open door of their house, held in the arms of a Christian slave, who was the hired servant of Signor Farara's (no Christian being permitted to have slaves of their own,) looking at the passers by, who failed not to pay some compliment, or express some kind wish, as they gazed on the beautiful child. At length came a *gitana* (a gipsy;) she stopped, and looking earnestly at the boy, she said, "It will be well for you if you pass your fourth year." Scarcely had she said these words when the slave who held the child, and one or two other servants that were standing by him, drove the luckless creature from before them, and entering the house, closed the door. As may be supposed, the circumstance failed not to make considerable impression on their mind; and, in their indignation at the ill-omened predictor, they told the circumstance to the parents, who were so much affected at it, although poor Mrs. Farara said she tried to drive away the superstition as sinful, that they scarcely allowed their darling to leave their sight for an instant. This is not an imaginary tale; and however futile it may appear, I can only relate it as it was. The fair child continued to increase in beauty and intelligence, and his doating parents in their pride and joy in beholding him, although their hearts failed not to quail whenever the dire prediction shot across their anxious minds. Mrs. Farara constantly declined the invitations she received from the different consular families, although her doing so was the cause of much regret; so much was she esteemed and respected, especially by the lady of the American consul, between whom and Mrs. Farara there existed, of course, a more than common sympathy of habits and tastes, so that it was with no ordinary self-denial that she returned a refusal to the many friendly invitations from the American garden; but one day the hospitable owner called upon Mrs. Farara, with a positive determination to make her and Signor Farara return with her. All excuses were negatived, her husband joined in expressing his desire that they should comply with the flattering invitation; therefore, after giving the most earnest and particular injunctions to every member of their household, to surround the beloved object of their solicitude with every caution and care, the anxious parents mounted their mules, and accompanied their kind hostess to the American garden; but ere they had reached it, what were the poor mother's feelings of self-reproach and regret, when she recollected that this was the birth-day of her precious child; that this day completed his fourth year. Oh! why then had she been induced to leave him? The gipsy's prediction had not yet been fulfilled, and surely will not now be, added she, as she strove to smile, in answer to some remark of one of her companions. Again, let me repeat, this is not an imaginary story, but one which I have often heard repeated by more than one witness of this sad, but alas! true event; and need I add, that the sorrowful impression with which I heard the circumstances related, has not ceased to keep alive in my recollection all the affecting details. So careful was every individual of the family, in sympathising with the strict orders of the absent parents, that they each strove who could best watch over the precious child; and the most confidential persons of the household, the two *scrievanos*, or clerks, had desired that the *carissimo piccolo* might play about the counting-house, that they might be enabled faithfully to fulfil their promise of watching over his safety. The playful boy scrambled up the back of their chairs, pinched their hair, then turned to snatch the paper they were writing upon from beneath their pens; their desks were placed parallel to each other; they ceased from writing and gazed, admiring his playfulness. Instinctively they both took up their penknives to mend their quills, when, strange, awful fatality! the devoted child, in playful defiance, attacked one of them, who, in return, pretended to stab him with his penknife; he turned to the other guardian, who as thoughtlessly did the same, and the blooming boy fell upon its blade,—it pierced his little heart. The dire forebodings of the *gitana* were realised, and the disconsolate parents were for ever bereft of their only child.

Mrs. Broughton's Six Years in Algiers.

#### THEATRICAL CRIMPING.

Nearly a century after this period (1663), David Garrick purchased a share of the property (Drury Lane Theatre). He discovered that the company required considerable recruiting in the very lowest rank of actors; and in the choice of these, he employed a whimsical fellow about the theatre—his name was Stone. He was a sort of theatrical crimp; he had much humour, but never could be prevailed upon to open his mouth on the stage. Whenever this caterer brought a person who was permitted to make an essay, whether success-

ful or not, he had a certain sum given for his trouble, and, for some years, this man (who had acquired the name of Garrick's crimp serjeant) made, in this kind of service, a toleable subsistence. A variety of letters passed between Garrick and Stone during the course of their professional negotiations; some of which letters are extant, and in the hands of the curious collectors of such literature. Amongst them are the following, which we have seen, written in 1748:—"Thursday noon.—Sir: Mr. Lacy turned me out of the lobby, and behaved very ill to me. I only axed for my two guineas for the last bishop, and he swore I shouldn't have a farthing. I can't live upon the air. I have a few cupids you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker, whom I drink with now and then.—I am your humble servant, W. STONE." The following is the answer in Garrick's well-known hand:—"Friday noon.—Stone, you are the best fellow in the world. Bring the cupids to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under six and not bandy-legged, you shall have a guinea a piece for them. Mr. Lacy will pay you himself for the bishop. He is very penitent for what he has done. If you can get me two murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple stall on Tower Hill. The cut across the face is quite the thing we want. Pick up an alderman or two for 'Richard the Third' if you can, and I have no objection to treat with you about a lord mayor, in case Dunstall should be absent without leave. The barber will not do for the dumb Brutus, although I shall make use of him as 'Crook-finger'd Jack.'—DAVID GARRICK." There is another of Mr. Crimp-Serjeant Stone's letters, to the following effect:—"Sir: The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear, and swears he'll not disgrace his family by going on the stage with you to-night. I'm yours, W. STONE." To which Garrick sent the following very laconic reply:—"Stone, the bishop may go to the devil; I don't know a greater rascal—except yourself.—DAVID GARRICK." The person alluded to as the bishop, was procured by Stone, and had rehearsed the part of the Bishop of Winchester, in the play of "Henry the Eighth," to the satisfaction of the fastidious Mr. Garrick; the fellow, however, never played the part, for the reason assigned in the laconic epistle.

Anecdotes of Actresses.

AN ORATORIO IN A MILL.—There was, some years ago, an epidemic raging in Yorkshire for vocal performances of sacred music, not only at the opening of churches, but of every other building not strictly of a private nature. Every combination of brick and mortar, at its completion,—in order to mark the interesting epoch, and, haply, immortalize at once the projector and builder of the edifice,—was commemorated by a musical festival. Mr. Meredith the then celebrated bass singer, had come from London to display his abilities in several parts of Yorkshire. He was extremely popular as a vocalist in that county, and universally sought after, upon the occasions mentioned. This gentleman, travelling from Leeds to Wakefield, at the above period, in a stage-coach, the day after his performance at the former place, in order to fulfil an engagement that night at the latter, was accosted on the road, where the coach stopped for a few minutes to deliver some parcels, by a large, sleek, reputable-looking man, who, abruptly opening the door of the vehicle, eagerly demanded, "Pray, is there one Mister Meredith i' t' coich?" "Yes," replied the person named; "I am Mr. Meredith: what, pray, may you have to say to me?" "Whoy," resumed the man, "I want t' engage thee, then, for a bit o' singing, loike, and should be glad to know when thou'llt be at liberty to perform for me." The answer being satisfactory as to time, and Mr. Meredith's usual professional charge for an evening or a morning's exercise of his talents being understood, he begged the person briefly, before the coach proceeded, to explain where, and on what occasion, his services were to be applied. "Whoy, then," replied the singer's new patron, "thou must know, oive joost built me a new mill, and oive made up my moind t'open it wi' an oratorio." Mr. Meredith, declining to bring grist to his own mill by such an exhibition of himself, and the coach driving on, the disappointed miller was left to bestow his patronage upon some less fastidious professor.

Anecdotes of Actors.

RATHER GASCONISH.—The number of cattle and sheep out at grass upon the Scotch mountains exceeds all calculation. There are many landowners who have no idea of the amount of their flocks. I witnessed, however, the same in Hungary. An English nobleman one day said to Prince Esterhazy, "I have ten thousand sheep upon my estate; how many have you?" "I," replied the prince, "I really have not the least idea; but I have ten thousand shepherds; about the same number of shepherds as you have sheep." Each shepherd is commonly at the head of about two hundred sheep. This reminds me of an anecdote concerning the same Prince Esterhazy. On one occasion we went over to an extensive horse market, near Vienna. A horse-dealer, who was showing off the pace of a stallion of great beauty, and seeing the prince, whose character he knew by reputation, approach, he pretended not to know him. Just as the man of rank was examining the horse he said to one of his companions, with a disdainful look, and in a low but audible tone of voice, "He won't buy it; such a horse as this is not suited to a German." The high and puissant suzerain, advancing immediately towards the dealer, inquired what he asked for the horse. "Ten thousand louis," was the answer. "There they are," said the prince; and the sum was paid down directly. "Now," continued he, "take this animal to my stable, and make him trot before me." The man obeyed, and they arrived at the mansion. "I thought this animal infinitely superior to what he is," said the prince, with disdain; "decidedly you are right: such a horse as this is not suited to a German," and, loading one of his pistols, he shot the stallion dead. The horse-dealer, of course, pocketed the eight thousand pounds.

Viscount Arlingcourt's Three Kingdoms.

HORRIBLE SCENE AT AN EXECUTION.—On the 8th ult., Pierre Lescure, who was accused of the murder of his father, but not brought to trial for want of sufficient evidence, and who has since been condemned to death for making way with his uncle, was executed at Riom (Puy-de-Dome.) The circumstance attending the execution were most horrifying. Being a man of herculean strength, he was bound in prison with an unusual weight of chains. It required at least half an hour for the smiths to un rivet them. Lescure was much weakened by his confinement, and assistance was offered him in walking to the scaffold, but he declined it, and went forward, and even ascended the ladder with a firm step.

Fearing resistance the executioners of St. Flour and Moulins were called in to aid the executioner of Riom. When Lescure appeared on the platform, his tall and athletic person towered above them and the priest who attended him. Unfortunately he was not bound with sufficient force to the swing board, which also was too short for his length, so that his neck went beyond the groove, and the axe, when loosened, fell on the wood of the frame, and only wounded its intended victim. Upon this, the executioner from St. Flour got astride on the head of Lescure, but the convict struggled from his grasp, and, breaking his bands, rose again, with his shoulders and breast covered with his blood, his face



flushed, and his eyes haggard, uttering cries that struck terror to the heart of every spectator.

The priest approached the wretched man, and, presenting to him the image of Christ on the cross, succeeded by his exhortations in prevailing on him to again submit to be bound. Again the axe fell, and again missed its mark, only enlarging the first wound. *Lescure's* cries became still more astounding. The people shouted with indignation, and pressing round the scaffold, were on the point of overcoming the gendarmes in attendance, while the priest, whose surplice was covered with blood, embraced and did all in his power to console and calm the mutilated man.

The three executioners were for a time completely paralyzed; but at last one of them mustered resolution enough to fix the devoted head in a proper position, and the axe already streaming with blood, fell a third time and completed its task. The three executioners are, it is said, to be dismissed from their office.

Galignani.

**NAPOLEON'S POWER OF ENDURING FATIGUE.**—The physical energies of Napoleon seem to have been almost superhuman. Fatigue was nearly unknown to him. With most men such an unsleeping spirit as his would have "o'er informed his tenement of clay." The fiery activity of his soul, however, appeared to endow his corporeal frame with powers of endurance and exertion with which none of his followers could keep pace. Mr. Alison, in his 70th chapter of the History of Europe, has given us a vivid picture of the incessant toil with which he wore out both his aides-de-camp and his secretaries.

He was invariably temperate, and often almost to asceticism; seldom took above four hours' sleep, and, when necessary, seemed able to dispense with it altogether.

"But, while he shunned the grosser joys of sense,  
His mind seemed nourished by that abstinence."

In one point, his character presents a singular contrast with itself. His genius was essentially mathematical; yet few men ever existed in whom the poetic element was so powerfully developed. His fancy was quite of the oriental cast. To the very end of his career, his mind was full of the most romantic visions of Eastern grandeur; and his magnificent and wild imagination presents a vivid contrast to the vigorous grasp of his intellect, the coolness of his judgment, and the crystal clearness of his understanding. The throne of Constantinople or Hindostan was one of the dreams of his earliest youth; and, even in the midst of his most splendid European conquests, gorgeous visions of palms and pagodas were seldom long absent from his fancy.

Westminster Review.

**BROUGHAM FOR BROUGHAM.**—A bill is brought in by Lord Brougham to create a place of £2,000 a year, for which Lord Brougham is the most promising aspirant, and to which his seniority and former services in the same court give him an apparent claim. Lord Brougham's bill for Lord Brougham's place is then referred, on Lord Brougham's motion, to a select committee, consisting mainly of Lord Brougham: and the proceedings of this committee on this measure are all so strongly marked with the personal identity of its accomplished promoter, that we find the following entry in the printed evidence:—"Die Sabbati, 23o Martii, 1844. The Lord Brougham and Vaux, a member of the committee, is examined."—Then follow ten pages of oratorical question and answer, addressed by Lord Brougham to Lord Brougham, in which Lord Brougham entirely convinces Lord Brougham that Lord Brougham is the fittest person, &c. to preside over the judicial committee.—Q. E. D. This extraordinary scene, which, but for the publication of this evidence, could never have been made known to the world, since it passed in the penetralia of Westminster, with perhaps no witness but Mr. Gurney, deserves to be illustrated by the historic pencil of our great political artist.

Times.

**LORD ELDON'S FULFILMENT OF A PROMISE.**—In 1783, when Mr. Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, first became a candidate for the borough of Weobly, he was received and lodged in the house of Mr. Bridge, the vicar, who, having a daughter then a young child, took a jocular promise from him, that if he should ever become a chancellor, and the little girl's husband should be a clergyman the chancellor would give that clergyman a living. Now comes the sequel, partly related by Lord Eldon himself to his niece (Mrs. Foster). "Years rolled on—I came into office: when one morning I was told a young lady wished to speak to me; and I said that young ladies must be attended to, so they must show her up. And up came a very pretty young lady, and she curtsied and simpered, and said she thought I could not recollect her. I answered I certainly did not, but perhaps she could recall herself to my memory; so she asked if I remembered the clergyman at Weobly, and his little girl to whom I had made a promise. "Oh, yes!" I said, "I do, and I suppose you are the little girl?" She curtsied, and said, "Yes." "And I suppose you are married to a clergyman?" "No," she said, and she blushed, "I am only going to be married to one, if you my lord, will give him a living." Well, I told her to come back in a few days; and I made inquiries to ascertain from the bishop of the diocese that the gentleman she was going to be married to was a respectable clergyman of the Church of England; and then I looked at my list, and found I actually had a living vacant that I could give him. So when the young lady came back I told her she might return home and get married as fast as she liked, for her intended husband should be presented to a living, and I would send the papers as soon as they could be made out. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed, and again she simpered, and blushed, and curtsied; "pray, my lord, let me take them back myself." I was a good deal amused; so I actually had the papers made out, and I signed them, and she took them back herself the following day.

Life of Lord Eldon.

**FOREIGN TRADE WITH CHINA.**—It appears, from a curious document just laid before the house of lords, that the Chinese export to foreign countries, not only large quantities of some of the more ordinary articles of trade, but also some that strike English readers as somewhat curious in their nature. Thus, among many other items, is an account of the exportation of 2,000 boxes (the average annually export), of "kittysols," or "paper" umbrellas (doubtless a very valuable defence from the weather in a heavy shower of rain, or on a stormy day.) This remarkable people also distribute among the "barbarians," in the course of trade, large quantities of "bangles," or glass armbands; 5,000 boxes annually of crackers, and fireworks of all kinds; pictures, including large oil paintings, and others of rice paper—about one hundred is the average number of the annual export of the former, and no fewer than ten thousand of the rice paper drawings. Something like a large trade is carried on also by the Chinese in preparing preserves and sweetmeats of all kinds for foreigners. Among the imports into China are to be found some articles almost equally curious. Thus, great quantities of "birds' nests," (cleaned and uncleaned) are annually introduced into the Celestial Empire, to gratify the peculiar tastes of its people. Also of "Patchuck," a fragrant root imported by the Parsees, and used by the Chinese to make incense. The same document, however, shows very important facts in relation to the prospective increase of our trade in cotton manufactures

at the northern ports. The expectation is, that such increase will amount to 30 to 40 per cent, according to the calculation of those best acquainted with the subject. This refers to white and grey long cloths, of good quality particularly. The former we have still in our hands, but the Americans are already becoming most formidable rivals in the latter. In respect to English woollen manufactures, it is not expected that there will be any such increase, as the trade is an old one, and is now going somewhat out of date.

**DUPIN AND LYNDBURST.**—There is no man, at the French or any other bar, who has been more industrious and pains-taking than M. Dupin. He exhibited a proof of this in the celebrated process against the "*Constitutionnel*," indicted for having published articles having a tendency to bring religion into contempt. The cause presented, at the first blush, the most important and thorny theological questions, inappropriately intermingling themselves with matter of civil concern. The "*Acte d'Accusation*," somewhat similar to our indictment, was not itself in the eyes of M. Dupin exempt from theological errors—but on this point he was by no means sure. Feeling however, that it was of the mainest importance to the cause, and to his client, not only to prove that he was a liberal but an orthodox publicist, he shut himself up more than a month in his study, refusing all other business, and studying conjointly, night and day, his immense dossier and dogmatic theology. This trait in the professional life of Dupin may remind the reader of a somewhat similar anecdote related of that most accomplished advocate and accurate lawyer, Lord Lyndhurst. When Mr. Copley, and young at the bar, he had been employed in a patent case, relating to a stocking-frame of a new and peculiar construction. At the consultation, a Nottingham attorney and one or two stocking weavers attended, in order to explain more fully and accurately the working of the model. With all their eloquence, the ingenuity of Copley was at fault. Inquiry followed inquiry, but still some of the details remained a mystery to the clearest headed and most logical mind of the day. Disguising his disappointment, the future master of the rolls, chief baron, and Lord Chancellor, put himself into the mail that very evening, and hurrying down to Nottingham, was, late on the following day, seated in the manufactory, working away at the machine, whose complexedness in consultation he could neither unravel nor perfectly understand. But when the machine became *oculis subjecta fidelibus*—still more when the young lawyer began to work in it—difficulties dissolved into thin air, and the process was as clear as light. Such are the labours, such the trials which they must undergo, whose names are destined to reach immortality. Foreign Quarterly Review.

**SIR DAVID WILKIE.**—CULTS.—The monument to Sir David Wilkie is now erected in the church of Cults. So striking is the likeness, that many of the parishioners who have seen it discovered at once the features of the man whom it is designed to represent—that man, who, by the magic touch of his brush, attracted the admiration of all who could appreciate genius. The inscription is as follows:—"Sacred to the memory of Sir David Wilkie, R. A. Principal Painter in Ordinary in England, and Limner for Scotland, to King George IV. King William IV. and Queen Victoria. Born at Cults, 18th November, 1785; died 1st June, 1841; buried at sea off Cape Trafalgar. As the painter of domestic scenes, his works were the ornament alike of the palace and the cottage. Through life he was guided and animated by those sacred principles to which he had often listened, when a boy, in this place, from a father's lips. In order to acquire the accurate means of illustrating by his art the history of our Saviour, he departed for the Holy Land, and died on the homeward voyage. This tablet is erected by his affectionate sister, in 1844." Sir David is placed on the east, and the monument to his father and mother, by Chantrey, on the west of the pulpit, each of them within a few inches of it.

## Varieties.

**SINGULAR EFFECTS OF COLD WEATHER.**—Count Rostopschin, the witty Russian, being one day in the presence of the Emperor Paul I., when a number of Russian Princes were about his person, the Emperor suddenly exclaimed, "How comes it, Count, that you are not a Prince?" For a moment Rostopschin was staggered by the abruptness and the oddity of the question; but, quickly recovering himself, he respectfully said, "Will your Imperial Majesty permit me to state truly why I am not?" Permission being given, "Why, then, Sire," replied the Count, "the true reason is, that the first of my ancestors who came from Tartary to settle in Russia, happened to arrive in the winter."—"But what had the season to do with the point I have questioned you upon?" inquired the Emperor.—"Every thing Sire," replied the Count; "for, at that period, it was the custom, when a Tartarian Noble presented himself for the first time at the Russian Court, to compliment him, by offering him the choice either of a good warm cloak or the title of Prince. It was a very severe winter when my ancestor came, and he had the good sense to choose the cloak."—"Twas fortunate for you, gentlemen," said the Emperor, turning to those about him, "that your ancestors came in mild weather."

**FISHING FOR A COMPLIMENT.**—To persons in a certain station nothing in the conduct of those who happen to be a little above them is more offensive than an ostentatious display of their finery. Miss D—, an actress, many years ago, belonging to Drury Lane Theatre, having newly furnished and fitted up her house, invited Mrs. Bland, the singer (whose situation was subordinate, and whose means were much inferior to her own) to see it. Miss D— pointed out, or rather paraded, its elegancies, its luxuries, and its conveniences, in a manner to excite the envy of her visitor. Amongst other points, the copious supply of water for the toilette, which was laid on by pipes in all the bedrooms and dressing rooms, was chiefly insisted on by the exhibitor. "And isn't it delightful to have so much water at immediate command? What do you say to that, dear Mrs. Bland?" "Say!" said she, "why, thank heaven, my dear, I'm not so dirty as to require all that."

The "Editor's Table" of that capital monthly, the Knickerbocker, is always running over with good things. Here is one of 'em:

"Labourer puns and conundrums are very hard reading. It is not less a labour to laugh at them than it is to write them. Look at this wretched thing: 'Why is a man looking for the philosopher's stone like Neptune?' 'Give it up' at once, and let us pass on, and not offend you farther. 'Cause he's a sea-king what don't exist?' It is of such stuff that modern puns are made. There is such a thing as a practical conundrum, which is not amiss. 'Look a-hea, Sam,' said a western negro one day to a field-hand over the fence in an adjoining lot; 'look a-hea, d'you see dat tall tree down dar?' 'Yaas, Jim, I does.' 'Wal, I go up dat tree day fore yea'dy to de berry top.' 'Wat was you a'ter, Sam?' 'I was a'ter a coon; an' wen I'd chased 'im clar to t'odder eend o' dat longes' limb, I hearn sumfin drop. Wat you gon guess 'twas, Sam?' 'D'you give 'm up?' 'Twas dis d—d foolish nigger! E-yah! e-yah! Like to broke he neck; been limpin' 'bout eber since!'"

A person advertising for a situation in the *Times*, says, "Any kind of employment willingly accepted, from teaching mathematics to drawing a truck."



**GARRICK IN OTHELLO.**—Quin once went to the pit to see his rival act. It was at a time when Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* was familiar to every one. One of the prints of that series represents a negro boy bringing in the tea things. When Garrick, with his diminutive figure and blackened face, came forward as Othello, Quin exclaimed, "Here is Pompey; but where is the tray?" The effect was electrical, and Garrick never attempted Othello again. When Dr. Griffiths, many years afterwards, thoughtlessly inquired whether he had ever acted the part, "Sir," said he evidently disconcerted, "I once acted it to my cost."

George Selwyn his Correspondents and Contemporaries.

**A BALL AT FREDERICK THE GREAT'S COURT.**—All the apartments, except those immediately dedicated to supper or cards, were lighted by one single candle. The supper itself was badly served, and without dessert—the wines bad, and the quantity of them stinted. I asked, after dancing, for some wine and water, and was answered, "the wine is all gone, but you may have some tea."

Earl Malesbury's Diary.

[For the Anglo American.]

#### BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE, OR LADLE vs. SPOON.

*Arremangosé mi nuera y volco en el fuego la caldera!* exclaimed an old Spanish housewife:—To assist me my daughter-in-law tucked up her skirts and overturned the caldron, throwing the dinner in the fire. So a bustling kitchen artist of the Sunday Mercury, rejoicing in the appropriate soubriquet of 'Ladle,' who can obviously foretell when the spouts run that the streets will be wet, and guess at things through a sieve, having squared his elbows and turned up his sleeves, gives his patrons a sample of his dexterity, in upsetting a small dish of olla, entitled "The Spoon." His adroit manipulations are too numerous to be dilated on at once, but let us notice one of the most diverting. Hear him,

"Chapter the 1st, which treats of the 'spoon ancient and modern,' opens with an astounding display of the author's knowledge of the classics. 'Singular are the subjects,' says he, 'on which authors have written: as Lucian on the fly, Apuleius on the asp, Virgil on a gnat, and Homer on a pitched battle between some frogs and mice. One writer is sublime on a flea, another on the north wind, and a third on nothing.'

"Homer, or his ghost, ought to thank our great modern 'Spoon' for making the discovery touching his authorship of 'The Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' which we were always taught to believe was the production of one Dr. Parnell, an Irishman, born in 1679, and buried in 1717, whose life was written by Goldsmith and by Dr. Johnson, and who was one of the few friends of Pope that that poet never sneered at."

Surely when this gentleman was born Solomon became nobody. When Ladle's teacher opened school, Sam Johnson shone forth a dunce, Goldsmith an ass, Lempriere a fool, Cowper a dupe, and every other criticizer or translator of the *Batrachomyomachia*, a cheat or 'a spoon.' The Battle of the Frogs and Mice "the production of one Dr. Parnell, an Irishman, born in 1679 and buried in 1717, whose life was written by Goldsmith and by Dr. Johnson!" Yes, so was the Iliad composed by one Chapman, and the Odyssey by one Pope—the Eneid by Dryden—the Thebaid of Statius by Lewis, and the Bible by Noah Webster! What are called the Odes of Horace were written by one Francis, and the Satires of Juvenal by one Gifford!

Had Ladle really read the life of Parnell by either of the biographers he has mentioned, he could not have forgotten a criticism of Goldsmith's and repeated by Johnson, viz. that Parnell has not given to the Greek names of the combatants their original force—a defect remedied in Cowper's translation. But Parnell himself thus refers to the opinions of ancient critics respecting the 'authorship' of this ancient Greek Epic, which Ladle, by an unfortunate fatuity was 'taught' to ascribe to an Hibernian poet! a poem nearly if not quite, three thousand years old! and ascribed to Homer by writers who flourished two thousand years ago in writings yet extant! Parnell was the first to give it to the general reader in an English dress. "The *Batrachomyomachia*, or Battle of the Frogs and Mice, has been disputed, but is, however, allowed for his (Homer's,) by many authors; amongst whom Statius\* has reckoned it, like the *Culex* of Virgil, a trial of his force before his greater performances. It is indeed a beautiful piece of raillery—an instance of that agreeable trifling which has been at some time or other indulged by the finest geniuses, and the offspring of that amusing and cheerful humour, which generally accompanies the character of a rich imagination." [Essay on Homer, prefixed to Pope's Translation of the Iliad.] Perhaps the great modern Ladle will deem Statius an old Spoon!

The God of roguery, you well know Mr. Editor, is as full of pranks now as days as he was in olden times. Many are the sly tricks he plays off on Neophytes that ape his manners and assume his name. He has got as hearty a laugh out of 'Ladle' as when he outwitted Apollo. Some wag instigated by this cunning son of Maia, addressed to 'Ladle' a letter, in which the author of the Spoon was rib-roasted, and the erudite critic complimented on his clever rebuke of those charlatans and sciolists who imagine the little poem of the Frogs and Mice had been heard of before the 17th century!—Before Parnell and other wits of Queen Anne's reign had made it known to the world! The bait took beautifully! 'Ladle' does not seem to have exercised on its receipt, half the wit of John Hutardo's cat! The communication received a conspicuous place! (See Mercury of July 28.)

This success of the joke naturally enough set other wits at work—verifying the old adage—"when one ass gets among monkeys they are sure to make faces at him." Under the signature of "Gridiron" it seems that a set of mischievous imps proposed to broil the author of the Spoon over so fierce a fire as to make him a fit companion for St. Laurence. This was the decoy—the design being obviously to ascertain if "Ladle" had yet opened his eyes. Well, the communication is sent, received, and thus acknowledged:—

"We cannot afford to find room for 'Gridiron's' broil for the author of The Spoon. In the first place, his article is too long; and in the second place, there isn't much in it that was not touched upon in our own critique. In fact the principal point, the mistake relative to the authorship of the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, having been first detected and first exposed by us, becomes in Gridiron's communication a 'stale joke.' And the best of the joke is, he takes it up and uses it without a hint of the source whence he obtained it, as if it were all his own discovery!!!"

Mercury of Aug. 4.

Would it not have been a treat to witness the convulsions of "Gridiron" and his wicked associates when they read this! Only think of the learned Bæotian superciliously throwing aside the bait and then deliberately swallowing the hook! It would be cruel, now they have caught him, to follow the practice of those sportsmen who "play" with the gudgeons they ensnare. For my part I will merely remind "Ladle" that as ancient doctors recommended laying the fourth book of the Iliad under the head, to cure the Quarten ague, he may pos-

\* Statius Prof. ad Sylv. l.

sibly find equal relief from the spleen by making a similar application of the Chiffonniers' Transactions.

A CHIFFONNIER.

**DIED.**—At Reading, Pa., on Sunday, Aug. 11, of Apoplexy, the Hon. Henry A. Mchenburg, late American Minister to the Austrian Court, and subsequently Democratic Nominee for Governor of Pennsylvania, at the ensuing Election.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 91-2 a 93-4 per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1844.

There are two subjects of deliberation for the Imperial legislature, which, although apparently much alike both in origin and progress, will probably require very different kinds of management in order to render them advantageous to the public interest. We allude to the Welsh Turnpikes and the British Rail Roads. To the disgrace of the English Parliament it must be observed that Turnpike Bills have always been considered as a contemptible part of legislative duties, and have rarely elicited any anxiety in honorable or noble members except in the cases of those through whose estates the proposed roads were to be made, or of those who anticipated good or harm to their own from being in the vicinity of the project. In the Principality of Wales this negligence is more manifest than in any other part of the United Kingdom, and the results are seen in the utter confusion which the turnpike system exhibits there, to such a degree indeed that one trust invades another, "interlacing" is the word, to such an extent that hardly any of the Commissioners of those roads is acquainted with the precise powers he has to wield, and as few are inclined to abridge or be abridged of the powers they fancy themselves to possess, the public thereby become annoyed and oppressed to a most exorbitant degree, and hence the destruction of toll-gates, toll-houses, and all the concomitants of the "Rebecca" riots.

Now it does not appear that with all these oppressions and wrongs the Trusts have become rich: on the contrary they are all miserably and, we may say, inextricably, involved in debt;—in obligations which they can never clear, in which they sink deeper and deeper every year; and from which nothing but the aid of the nation can redeem them. It is a bad precedent for a government to take up the restoration of a private undertaking which has fallen into difficulties through mismanagement or from false premises, and Turnpike Trusts are precisely of this nature; but the Legislature itself must be conscious that the sin should be laid at the doors of the Houses of Parliament, and Parliament must remedy what it should have rightly directed in the first place. It is now said that the Welsh Roads generally, or at least such of them as are in the predicament here pointed out, will have to pass into the hands of Crown Commissioners, and that revisions of the several acts will take place so as to simplify their management, reduce their imposts, and yet produce a reasonably sufficient revenue for their due maintenance.

Thus far, well, and we doubt not it will be found satisfactory to our Cambrian brethren, among whom violent movements like those of Rebecca and her daughters are of extraordinary rarity. The Welsh continue to be greatly a primitive people, unobtrusive in their demeanour and commonly keeping "the even tenor of their way," without thrusting themselves into unnecessary notoriety,—the occasional squabbles in the Iron districts notwithstanding. But they have been grievously outraged before they commenced to commit outrage, and a clear manifestation of earnest regard for them on the part of government will immediately restore them to tranquillity. The danger of a popular triumph, we know, is, that the masses know not where to stop; but in the case of the Rebecca riots, the tumult was first put down, then ensued a commission of enquiry, and finally the government wisely, and with a good grace, sets about a salutary reformation of abuses. The interposition of national authority is here wisely offered, and we opine that the public roads will be much better managed by a government board than by any composed of local magnates and their satellites.

With regard to Rail Roads, the case is somewhat different, although there appears to be an approach to a parallel in the circumstances. The immense expenses which have to be incurred in the construction of one of these, particularly if the line be a long one, have invariably called for and obtained cool and mature deliberation before application was made to Parliament for leave to enter upon its prosecution, and great as is the number of projects of this nature, very few indeed have been offered to public notice that did not present fair claims to encouragement whether as speculations or as local advantages. In the course of comparatively few years the whole island has obtained, as it were, great arterial railroads, from its heart, the Capital, to every extreme of its system; or joined by veins which carry the blood of commerce and traffic into almost every inlet. Thus far, all is as it should be; the several managers of the different routes, aware of the importance of the charge committed to them, aware that the eyes of all interested persons are upon them, aware also that they themselves have a deep interest in the matter, take every precaution to facilitate the objects of the undertaking, to keep down its expenditure within due economy, and to augment its revenue for the benefit of those who have embarked capital therein.

The cupidity of mankind is such that in speculative matters they are apt to shut their eyes to losses and to keep their attention upon the gains which occur; and this accounts for the number of dupes which we find in the great mart of profit and loss. Now, although it is well known to those who are prudent enough to enquire, that the average rate of profit on English Rail Roads is scarcely 5 per cent. on the whole, yet adventurers will look with favourable attention on the maximum without allowing any misgiving as to the minimum yield, and oppositions are presented on the same lines of route, with the intent



to rival if not to ruin those undertakings which have been so painfully set in motion, and almost regardless of the possibility that, in endeavouring to crush a rival, both sides may perish. Again, from the *useful*, adventurers begin to deviate into the fanciful, and think they may induce a traffic where there has not been one before. All this is injurious to general wealth, and therefore, as in the case of wrong-headed masses of people, the legislature must place salutary checks upon what otherwise would be headlong, ruinous procedure. To this end it is proposed, first, that every Rail Road bill in future shall be sanctioned by the minister before discussion can take place upon it in Parliament; secondly, that the government shall have the right of purchasing any Rail Road upon given equitable terms when the government shall think it advisable for the public advantage to do so, and thirdly that this power shall by no means remain a dead letter, but be put in execution upon proper motion to that effect. And here comes the collision of opinion. The commercial riches of England, particularly in her joint stock adventures have always been found to flourish better without the interference of government than with it; private individuals are thought better capable of managing such affairs in which they interest themselves than government officers can be, and the system of centralization may by degrees become both too intricate in itself, and too easily convertible into a jobbing system. On the other hand it is thought that, by being thus under the watchful surveillance of the government, the local management may thus become more alert in improvement, more desirous of giving cheapness and facility of travelling to the public, and thus keeping down the spirit of wild speculation which is too apt to rise in a large monied community like that of England.

It is said that the proposed new powers to the Government will wither the adventurous spirit which has made English travelling what it is; but this is the very object in question on which ministers are dwelling. One thing, however, is certain; there are so many interests to consult, and shareholders in these speculations are so numerous, so powerful, and can bring forward so many arguments *really forcible*, that the upshot of the matter can neither take place in the present session, nor at all without a full, clear, fair, and as we hope an impartial and useful examination into all its bearings.

Active steps are at length in progress for the purpose of establishing a line of Atlantic Steam Packets at this port, founded upon American Capital and expressly intended for the advantage of this continent. We have seen the Prospectus, and, contrary to such documents generally, we think it is based upon fair and reasonable premises. We have fallen in with it however at so late an hour that we cannot fairly consider its details at present. There is one feature nevertheless which we can point out with great approval, that namely, of allowing Importers who are shareholders to have the first right to freight at the proper charges, and five per cent deducted from their accounts. This is an advantage to Importers who shall engage in the undertaking, and is no disadvantage to the rest of the trading community. We shall turn to this matter again.

In another part of our columns will be found an article signed "A Chiffonnier," relating to a certain criticism on Mr. Habbakuk O. Westman's work on "The Spoon." We have given it insertion at the request of the writer, without knowing the merits of the critique itself, partly because we think the writer is able to reply for himself, and partly because we have consented to be the medium of publicity to the Proceedings of the "Honorable Society of Literary and Scientific Chiffonniers."

#### A TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO TORONTO, (CANADA WEST), AND HOME BY WAY OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

It is but seldom we travel; our avocations bind us so closely to the desk or the library, and the regular weekly return of duty demands so much personal attention, that we are obliged in too great a measure to trust the writings and reports of others for our knowledge of the country, its improvements, capabilities, and beauties. But on this very account it is that, when we do effect a temporary escape from the every day routine of editorial business, we enjoy all that we see, hear, and feel, with a tenfold relish over those to whom travelling and surveying the outer world are of constant occurrence. Such an escape we have recently made, and we do not feel contented to "bottle off" our satisfaction, on the contrary we desire to express in full measure the gratification we have received, during our hasty excursion to "Toronto, and home by the Falls of Niagara."

Little can be gleaned by the traveller who makes a hasty journey of a few hundred miles in this country, availing himself of all the facilities and all the dispatch which are offered upon a public route, more especially through the heart of the State of New York. He must pick up the chief part of his information through the medium of his eyes, unless he have the good fortune to find an experienced, intelligent, and communicative fellow-traveller who is able and willing to furnish a running comment upon the remarks and reflections as they rise up in his mind. Yet even under the most adverse circumstances to the contemplative wayfarer, he need never be dull whilst travelling in the day over the ground we are about to describe, provided he will allow his faculties, his judgment, and his sensibilities to have free scope.

Our journey had a pleasant commencement, for we passed from New York to Albany in *The Swallow*, well known as a large, commodious, elegant, and fast steamboat, commanded by a gentleman, who for kind deportment and general attention to the comforts of the passengers, we venture to say, is not surpassed by any one in his line of life. We are almost afraid to dilate on the beauties of scenery presented on either side of the majestic Hudson, for the thousands and tens of thousands who have viewed them inevitably carry the remembrance through life, and they have furnished topics of conversation in every part of the

world. In fact the Palisades, the Highlands, the Catskill Mountains, the numerous beautiful and bright towns and villages along the banks of the river, each of which is becoming enlarged and increasing in population so rapidly, that the accounts of them are like fairy tales; all these so fascinate the senses, that one has need to sit quietly down, perhaps even in silence and alone, to dwell on the successively advancing and retiring scenes and form a cool and deliberate review of them. In ten hours, then, sometimes less, we have travelled upwards of 150 miles, almost insensible of locomotion, and for the small sum of two dollars, including all expenses, we are landed at Albany.

Your man of leisure, now, would ramble through the Capital of the Empire State in its length and breadth, would examine the halls of legislature, of justice, of science, and of amusement; would inquire into the first settlement of the place, and who and what the pioneers were; would admire its healthy site, its capabilities as an emporium for the interior, the enterprise of its citizens and the directions in which its wealth was employed; and, doubtless, would make most sagacious reflections upon all that came within his notice. But your rail-road-speed man, has not time for all these. He swallows a hasty but excellent breakfast at the Eagle Hotel, or any other equally good, is conveyed to the office of the Albany and Mohawk Railroad, and hey for Schenectady he goes.

But notwithstanding he is upon a Rail-track there is some up-hill work before he gets to Schenectady. In short there is an inclined plane to ascend, of some half or three quarters of a mile in length, which causes some delay in the procedure, though, as a matter of variety, there is nothing in the incident to annoy the traveller, and, after all, the cars are *en route* towards the West, through the valley of the Mohawk in less than two hours from the departure from Albany, and there are 21 good miles of ground gone over in the interim, the expense of which has been 50 cents. From this time, for many a mile, the lover of nature's beauties will be gratified, the admirer of progressive civilization and improvement will find much to approve, and benevolent feeling will find a large field of exercise. At Schenectady, one of the most ancient cities in the State, the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad may be fairly said to commence, there being lines of radiation from Saratoga, Troy, and Albany, from and to that common centre. The traveller, eager though he may be, to fly over the ground and reach his distant point of destination, can find no reasonable cause of discontent with his present speed. From hence to Rochester, a distance of 230 miles, is travelled in about 16 hours including all the stoppages, whether for business of the Railroad Company or for the refecation of the Passengers; in spacious and comfortable cars, through an extensive and rich valley, that calls up ideas of the terrestrial paradise in the spectator's mind; the beautiful murmuring Mohawk river meandering through the vale, the uplands well cleared of wood and smiling in the promise of a most plentiful harvest, snug farm-houses and well stocked farm-yards dotting the landscape in every direction; village after village presenting its healthy population of youth and the industry of more mature age; towns flourishing in manufactures, and whole districts which as but yesterday, were covered with the dark and silent forest now presenting proofs of man's active mind and athletic vigor; that splendid undertaking the Erie Canal extending through the whole length of the valley, and at every two or three hundred yards apart are seen Canal boats passing each way, laden either with the rich products of the country or with manufactures for which they are exchanged. On this route, however, is a strange admixture of names of towns; we find those given by the Aboriginal inhabitants together with those borrowed from the Old Country, many also from those of ancient nations, and, what is curious enough, many taken from the proper names of celebrated persons; of these last, Marcellus, Camillus, Cicero, &c., may be taken as specimens. Here and there on this route there are places in the highest degree romantic in their appearance. *Little Falls*, rugged as it seems, in every point of view presents a romantic prospect, yet the utilitarian inhabitants have contrived to turn the picturesque Falls to good commercial account. Occasionally the traveller passes through a tunnel hewed through the solid rock, or under the aqueduct which sustains the waters of the Canal. Nay, among other works of art he passes along a bridge which spans the entire width of an American lake, or about a mile and a quarter; so agreeably diversified is the journey between Schenectady and Rochester.

Dinner was discussed at Utica, and the travellers proceeded to the Hotels there according to their choice or to the recommendations that were given to them; for our own part we selected the Macgregor House, kept, as may be supposed, by a Scotsman of that distinguished name. The house is situated a little farther from the Station than most other, but there is still abundance of time for dining, and the comforts there are almost beyond anything we have ever experienced elsewhere. In truth it reminded us of old Scottish hospitality, and we hardly felt that we were in *an Inn*. From thence we proceeded to Syracuse, a place which, with its adjacent village of Salina forms an important commercial town on that route. Utica itself, we should not omit to say, is an inland city of wealth and size, yet but a quarter of a century ago the site was barely redeemed from the forest. At Syracuse the Oswego Canal joins the great Erie Canal, and the place becomes an immense *entrepôt* of Canal Navigation, indeed the Salt works here give employment to numerous hands and a large amount of capital. We have already stated the time of passage to Rochester, but in our case we stayed a day at Syracuse to witness the prowess of a few members of the St. George's Cricket Club against eleven good, true, and hearty fellows at this place. Their kindness and hospitality will not be quickly forgotten by those who partook thereof, nor will the liberal behaviour of the worthy host of the principal hotel there, Mr. Rust, be consigned to oblivion.

After one day so pleasantly dedicated we made the best of our way through Auburn, the seat of the celebrated prison, the discipline of which is the admiration of the world, and through Canandaigua, a prosperous town, to Roches-



ter. A great change took place in the aspect of the country this day; for although the land is rich and fertile, yet at every league we found ourselves arriving at more and more recent clearings. The country was decidedly *newer*, and we could not help remarking that the agriculturists, contented to reside in log huts, themselves and their families, were nevertheless ambitious of splendid barns and farming offices. We cannot describe Rochester, nor even its splendid falls of the Genesee, as we immediately made the best of our way to the shores of the lake, to be wafted over to Toronto, in Canada.

There are few scenes more romantically beautiful than the banks at the mouth of the Genesee River. Their beauty may even be termed sublime, for they are exceedingly high, bold, well covered with verdure yet allowing the impetuous rocky boundary to be visible here and there. Here the Steamers for Toronto take in passengers, and, to get on board of them the traveller has either to descend some two hundred steps, to traverse a long zig-zag descent, or to allow himself to be let down a terrific inclined plane at an angle of about 45 degrees. Well, suppose one or other of these descents to be effected, we next find ourselves on board of The Gore, The Admiral, or some other *English Steamer*, and a passage of about a hundred miles before us "on the smooth surface of the tranquil lake" Ontario; the view presenting a wide expanse of an Inland Fresh Water Sea, here and there dotted with small vessels making their way to the different ports on or near its margin. These English, or rather Canadian Steamers are very strongly built, commodious, and without much shaking motion, but they are somewhat slow of pace as compared with the American Steamers, and not proceeding at more than ten or eleven miles per hour at their best. It may be supposed then that the passage was a tedious one. Far from it, for besides the charm of conversation, and the pleasant mode of beguiling time over a reasonable share of "creature comforts," there is a beauty in the sunset and the subsequently short twilight on the Lake, such as we never before witnessed. Not a cloud was in the heavens; the moon, which was fast advancing to the full, exhibited dimly her disc above the Eastern horizon some time before the glorious Phœbus quenched his glowing beams in the rich West, and his setting was succeeded by such a flood of rich colours, varying and changing, quick as thought, that the soul was almost entranced with delight; and as the Sun sank lower and lower below the horizon the Moon became brighter and brighter, till her silver light became all-predominant over the face of nature.

In due time, that is to say, about three o'clock of the next morning we arrived at Toronto, and took up our abode at the North American Hotel. This, and Stone's Hotel, are considered the best in the city. The great event of the hour was a Cricket Match between the St. George's Club of New York and the Toronto Cricket Club; this matter, however, having been sufficiently touched upon in this and other journals, may be avoided here, and the more pleasing occupation of remarking upon the new city taken up in its stead.

Toronto, formerly called York, has sprung up into very substantial being within a few years. It is situated upon a very gentle acclivity, and we can easily imagine it to be exceedingly healthy. The streets are very spacious, and the cross streets are at right angles to the main ones. We understand that some of them, such as Dundas Street, Yonge Street, &c., are laid down and named for many a mile into the interior, and put one in mind of the old Roman Military Roads through the heart of England, as Watling Street, &c. When Toronto was made the Seat of Government of the Upper Province, the increase of population was rapid and constant, and the Civil and Military officials caused it to be gay, elegant, and ministering much to the advantage of retail traders; besides which it was and is an important *entrepôt* for the exchange of products and commodities. The junction of the Provinces and the removal of the seat of government have operated in some measure to check the onward course of prosperity for which it was remarkable; not that these can do so permanently, for there are so many natural advantages attached to this city that it *must* become a greatly thriving place, and it is already beginning to prevail over the untoward re-action consequent on its diminished importance. The city is chiefly populated by Scotsmen, nearly all the traders being of these people. They are careful, prudent, and frugal, most of them living in the little two-story houses, originally built by them; in fact large houses of brick or stone are remarkably few in number. The side-walks of the streets are planked, and are pleasant as promenades. The most delightful walk, however, is an Avenue of about a mile and a half in length, situated a little out of town, near to the Race Ground, the Cricket Ground, and other places of recreation. Here a regimental band plays every afternoon, (at present it is that of the 82d), and makes the place additionally attractive. Toronto can justly boast of her Academical advantages; Upper Canada College is deservedly celebrated as a fountain of sound scholarship, and it is organised and conducted in an admirable manner.

The immediate object of our visit to Toronto took up too much of our time to enable us to enquire and examine as we otherwise would; and the termination was so little satisfactory that we hardly felt any desire to remain for that purpose. Consequently, putting ourselves on board a Steamer, we passed over the Lake to Queenston, intending to see the great wonder of this continent, the Cataract of Niagara. Our limits, however, will not permit further remarks at present, but we shall resume the subject next week.

#### KENDALL'S TEXAN SANTA FE EXPEDITION.

We failed to notice the publication of this work upon its first appearance, because we wished to read it and speak of something more than its external appearance. Circumstances prevented the fulfilment of our purpose, till at last, when we have read the whole narrative, the book has become in one sense an old story—every one has formed his opinion upon its merits and defects. Still we may be allowed to write something of it.

To say of the Narrative of the Santa Fe Expedition, that it is interesting, would be "darning it with faint praise." Out of the materials at Mr. Kendall's command—the details of an adventurous journey of thousands of miles through a *terra incognita*, as it could almost be called but for this work—any dunce might have made an interesting book. Mr. Kendall's is not only a very entertaining but a very instructive narrative. The author possesses the best qualities of a traveller. His habits of observation, derived, perhaps, from his Yankee origin, are perfectly matured; he has the prying, inquisitive spirit of his countrymen, in its best aspect; their quick perception of character, their rapid application of old ideas to new circumstances. He has strong sense and a fund of good humor, and while the former teaches him how to derive the utmost comfort from the most adverse circumstances, the latter enables him to endure their most untoward ills with cheerfulness. He is patient of fatigue and deprivation, knows how to satiate his thirst by chewing lead or raw hide, learned to dine off a bit of leather stewed, and can enliven a repast of this meagre description in quizzical observations upon the costumes and ludicrous distresses of his fellow sufferers. His long journey furnishes him with far more incidents of painful and often of harrowing interest, than agreeable anecdotes. But our author never minds this; he sees some miserable comrade shot before his face, because he is unable to undergo the fatigue of a forced march; he pours forth the natural indignation of a man at such an act, and on the next page, he is discoursing of the charms of the pretty girls of Albuquerque, or describing the caricoles of a vicious mule mounted by a priggish English naturalist. And while passing through all this variety of scene, the author was dying for a slice of the roast beef of "Old England" and a good glass of Cognac. On this latter point he satisfies the most skeptical, of the depth of his convictions. It is truly amusing to see how a half starved wanderer among the Apaches can make a "joint and a murphy" appear luxurious. But we are running off.

Mr. Kendall's work would be prized were it only for the geographical knowledge which his volumes convey. Early in its adventurous journey, the Expedition to which he had attached himself lost its route. The members traversed an unknown and diversified expanse of country, partly a desert and partly a beautiful prairie; and with his quick eye and keen sense, our author has fixed upon the strong features of the different scenes, and gives them distinctly to his readers. The experience and the opinions of others upon portions of the route traversed, he canvasses with intelligence. Upon the character of the people of New Mexico he throws a flood of light, although the subject was not so unexplored. The passionate cruelty of the Mexican race we were prepared to see exposed, though we had hoped to see it redeemed somewhat by the haughty magnanimity of the Castilians, through whom it derives much of its blood. The author is so profuse of his encomiums upon the gentler sex of the country that we are prepared to hear that he was a favorite among them, and perhaps an interested witness as to their accomplishments. A few words more and we will finish.

Of notices of this work in England, we have seen several. Their general tone is favorable, and more so than might have been expected from the free avowal of the author's opinions upon Texas questions—he being "a Southern man,"—upon all these. The Spectator, particularly, makes favorable mention of the work, but it finds two points on which to condemn it. The first is "the national looseness of the author's public morals." This, of course, alludes to his justification of the Texan Revolution, and of the Santa Fe Expedition, &c. These are open questions, upon which it is not necessary that we should enter. But another charge is more serious, or rather more offensive, and it touches not our author only, but Americans generally. The Spectator says:—"The worst point about him is a want of delicacy in mentioning matters which in Europe are considered confidential though no confidence is stipulated. This, however, is a national failing, and in Mr. Kendall's case seems to justify the act."

Now, this we hold to be wholesale injustice to American travellers. We do not recal an instance in which one of them has given greater offence than to note peculiarities of domestic life and manners of the most innocent kind. The writer who has most generally been charged with violating these proprieties of life, has quite recently vindicated himself from any error of the kind, or at least amply atoned for it. Further into the general question we have not room to go, but a few words in vindication of Mr. Kendall.

After a deliberate perusal of his two volumes, we declare most sincerely that we have detected no appearance of the fault charged upon his narrative—a most vile and grievous fault we should deem it. True, he exposes the treachery of Armijo and the barbarities of Salazar, and lauds the charities of the Mexican women, if it be but in giving a pint of meal or an ear of corn to a few half famished men. In a few cases he mentions the names of generous merchants and pious *curas* who relieved the wants of the prisoners. He seeks to honor those who befriended them, although the acts which call forth his commendation are such as appear eminently benevolent, only from contrast with the sordid cruelty of those under whom the party marched to Mexico. Since reading the Spectator's critique, we have recurred to the book with the view of settling this point, and we again declare that we find no foundation for this very severe reflection of the reviewer. We are constrained to believe that the off-hand condemnation of Mr. Kendall in the paragraph in question, was thrown off in the heat of composition, with a view rather to expose what the writer may deem a national failing, than to charge upon Mr. Kendall a violation of "the proprieties of life,"—the most obvious he could commit, and the most certain to bring down upon him the indignant rebuke of the press of both the old and new world. We deem it due to the author of an interesting book of travels to say thus much of the spirit which prevails in his work; and may it be accepted as an adequate apology for our apparent neglect of the work until now.



## Cricketer's Chronicle.

We insert the following letter, as it contains an explanation which the writer considers due to himself; but here the matter must end so far as our columns are concerned, unless the matter come under responsible authority.

To the Editor of the Anglo American.

SIR—I perceived in your journal of the 10th inst. a letter from a gentleman of Philadelphia which shows me that I was in error as to the length of time the Toronto gentlemen has been officially acquainted with the fact that three members had been added from that city to the St. George's Club of New York. I thank you for the insertion of that letter because I would not willingly state that which is incorrect; but I should not have troubled you with this acknowledgment only I find I have to correct the mis-statement of another person. The Editor of the Albion states, as of his own knowledge, that "Mr. Boulton, one of the (Toronto) Club" had prepared a handsome collation "of which the St. George's Club were invited to partake, but they declined." Be it known to that editor that the very manner of that invitation was in itself inadmissible. It consisted in falling in with one of the St. George's men, and dispatching him to go round the field and bring the rest of them to the "collation." Is that the style of courtesy due from a society of gentlemen to a number of strangers who have come five hundred miles to visit them? Why did not a deputation, or at least an officer of the Club make personal invitation to the strangers? They declined to comply with a message so sent, and they were right. It was due to their own self respect to refuse. I ask your pardon, Mr. Editor, for thus troubling you, but this explanation is due to the account I gave you, as greatly as the correction of the error I have here first alluded to.

## Literary Notices.

ATALA, OR THE INDIAN COTTAGE.—From the French of Chateaubriand.—New York: H. G. Langley.—This most charming and sentimental tale has gone through many editions, but none of a neater description than that now before us. Further recommendation of it is unnecessary.

HORSEMANSHIP.—By H. R. Herschberger.—New York: H. G. Langley.—The main object of this clever work is for cavalry exercise and discipline, but there are many hints useful to private equestrians interspersed throughout. It is greatly illustrated with plates which, though poorly executed, answer their purpose well enough. Some instructions in Broad Sword exercise are added at the end.

THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST 1844.—As usual racy, and varied both in matter and style. The best portions of these numbers are always the contents of "The Editor's Table," and this day we give a specimen of them which we think will be relished by our readers as greatly as by ourselves.

BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND LONDON  
WEEKLY PAPERS.

TOGETHER WITH ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS,  
FOR SALE AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT, AT  
THE FRANKLIN DEPOT OF CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,  
No. 321 Broadway, next the Hospital. [Ag. 17-2m.]

## LET COMMON SENSE HAVE WEIGHT.

A COSTIVE AND DYSENTERIC time, with cold, cough and sore throat in Children, in some cases Scarlet Fever, and with infants Summer Complaints and Scarlet Rash, with Swelling and Tumors of the neck.

In these complaints no remedy can be compared to the BRANDRETH PILLS, and it is a solemn duty on the part of parents to their children, that they have recourse to them at once, if given at the commencement, there need be no fear as to the result, and at any period of the disease, there is no medicine which will exercise a more health-restoring power.

In Costiveness, or the opposite disease Dysentery, the dose should be sufficiently large to remove morbid accumulations, and the Pills will have the further good effect to restore healthy secretions in these important organs, and remove the irregular distribution of blood from the head, liver, and other parts; in fact will equalize the circulation, by the abstraction of the impure humors from the system generally.

In affections of the throat and bowels, I cannot too strongly recommend the external use of the BRANDRETH LINIMENT, it will materially expedite the cure. There is no outward remedy at all to be compared to this Liniment, which has the effect of taking out inflammation wherever it is applied. In cases of Fever and Ague the BRANDRETH PILLS are a never-failing cure, the first dose should be large, sufficient to have a brisk effect, afterwards two Pills night and morning, and drink cold Pennyroyal tea, a cup full, say two or three times a day. The cure is sure.

Remember, the great blessing the BRANDRETH PILLS secure to the human body, is PURE BLOOD.

When your blood is once pure nothing in the shape of food will hardly come amiss; nothing will sour upon your stomach; you may eat anything in reason; and the greater variety of food the better blood is made. All who have weak stomachs, who are dyspeptic, or in any way affected in body, should without delay resort to BRANDRETH'S PILLS—which will indeed strengthen the life principle, and by perseverance with them, entirely renew the whole body; the materials now in it good, will be kept so; those bad, displaced and removed. Good Blood cannot make bad bone or bad flesh. And bear in mind, the BRANDRETH'S PILLS surely purify the Blood.

The following case from Col. J. Hughes of Jackson, Ohio, a member of the Ohio Legislature, will no doubt be read with interest by those similarly affected.

Cure of violent periodical pain in the head. A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

JACKSON, C.H., Aug. 1, 1844.

Dr. B. Brandreth, Sir,—That the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, I take pleasure in informing you that for six or seven years prior to 1840 I suffered incessantly with a nervous headache. I applied to the most eminent physicians in Ohio for relief, but received none whatever. I being much prejudiced to all patent medicines, refused to use your Pills; finally my headache increased daily; I as a last resort, and even without faith, bought a box of your Vegetable Universal Pills. On going to bed I took 3 pills, next night 3, next 1; skipped two nights and repeated the dose—I found immediate relief. Two or three times since I have been partially attacked, I again applied to your Pills and all was forthwith well. I cannot speak too highly of your Pills, for nothing relieved me but them. May you live long to enjoy the pleasure it must be to you to know and feel that day unto day and night unto night, you are relieving the pains and diseases of the human family. Yours truly, J. HUGHES.

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, and 341 Hudson-st.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-st., Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; and by one Agent in almost every town in the United States, who have a certificate of Agency. [Ag. 17.]

RIALTO, MONTREAL.—Mr. FARQUHAR respectfully announces to the citizens of New York on the eve of visiting Montreal, together with his Canadian Patrons, that he is prepared at all hours to accommodate the travelling public. His viands are of the first quality, his Liquors, Wines, &c., of the premier brands. Mint Juleps, Sherry Cobblers, and every fancy drink on demand. Lobsters, Oysters, Turtle, &c., received every Friday per Express line. Mr. F. having been in the business for some years, flatters himself he can meet the wishes of the most fastidious.

Two Billiard Rooms are attached to the Establishment, being the only ones in Montreal. Ag. 3-3m

## STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, Aug. 1, 1844.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York:—

IC? SIR—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:—

A Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of this State.

Thirty-six Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

Four Canal Commissioners.

A Senator for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John B. Scott, on the last day of December next.

A Representative in the 29th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Wards of said City and County; also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th Wards of the said City and County. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th Wards of the said City and County, and also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th and 17th Wards of said City and County of New York.

Also the following County Officers, to wit: 13 Members of Assembly.

Yours respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Aug. 5, 1844.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

WILLIAM JONES, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

IC? All the public Newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the Election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1st, Chap. 6th, title 3d, article 3d—part 1st, page 140.

Ag. 17-3m.

## CRICKET CHALLENGE.

THE NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB will play any eleven bona fide members of the UNION STAR CLUB of Brooklyn—a home and home match at such time and place as the U. S. C. may desire. PICTON MILNER, Sec'y.

Spirit of the Times Office, Aug. 9th, 1844.

## CRICKET CHALLENGE.

AT a regular meeting of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, held on the 5th

Aug., it was Resolved, That this Club will play ANY ELEVEN PLAYERS in CANADA a match at Cricket, on the ground of the St. George's Club in New York, at any time previous to the 30th of September next, and, if desired, for any sum from \$100 to \$1000. The match to consist of two innings each.

SAMUEL NICHOLS, Sec'y of St. George's C. C.

IC? The British Colonist, Toronto Patriot and Montreal Herald please copy, and send bills to Secretary of St. George's C. C. Ag. 10-2t.

## CRICKET CHALLENGE.

THE TORONTO CLUB and Ground, hereby challenge any "Eleven"—now resident within the United States of America—to play a match at Cricket, as a friendly trial of skill.

Said Match to consist of a single game of two innings each; and to come off on the Toronto Ground, Monday, Sept. 23, 1844; the week following the Niagara Races.

IC? Acceptance to be signified, in writing, to the Secretary, so as to reach him at Toronto not later than Sept. 7th, 1844.

By order

G. A. PHILLIPOTS, Sec'y T. C. C.

TORONTO, Canada West, Aug. 1st, 1844. P.S.—It is not the usage of the Club to play for wagers, but, if desired, a Toronto gentleman is ready to accept bets on the event, to the extent of Two Hundred Guineas. Ag. 10-2t. G. A. P.

## INDIGESTION

MOST PREVALENT IN WARM WEATHER.

Use Parr's Life Pills where Health is a Desideratum.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.—In no season does the blood and secretions of the human system undergo more striking change than in the fall of the year. If we turn to Nature, the changes in the vegetable world are found to be not only strikingly analogous, but to have a strong influence on the healthy or diseased condition of the body. From the decay of autumn, and the morbid and deathlike state of winter, there springs new life and beauty. The effect of this decreased activity in all inanimate matter, as well as on our physical system, renders the use of some simple medicine—especially to those of a slender constitution—of absolute importance. This is the time especially to assist nature in renewing and strengthening the power of the vital organs. Of these functions, none have a more intimate connection than the stomach and liver. The presence of food in the stomach, and the healthy operation of the digestive powers, furnish the only natural stimulant to the liver. But when the coatings of the former become weak and morbid, both the quantity and quality of the secretions are greatly modified; the natural stimulus is diminished—the bile is improperly secreted, and disease of the liver, or chronic affections in one form or another, are almost sure to follow. In this critical condition, to give a healthy tone to the stomach, and to free the blood of its impurities, thereby preventing morbid, and it may be years, of suffering, PARR'S LIFE PILLS are a perfectly gentle and effectual medicine. Its celebrated author was for more than a century not only a close and constant student of the medicinal properties of plants, but of their adaptation to the cure of every class of internal diseases. Although in early life apparently a hopeless invalid, the use of this medicine restored and continued him in health and vigor to the extreme age of 132 years. These Pills are exceedingly mild in their operation, and may be given to children as well as adults with the utmost security. To their superiority in this respect over most of the vegetable medicine in use, thousands are constantly testifying.

The Proprietors have sedulously avoided that system of puffing so generally resorted to, yet their Pills have won a degree of popular favor unexampled in the history of any family medicine. It is now only twelve months since they established their agency in the United States, and the monthly sales are exceeding upwards of ten thousand boxes. They give these as simple facts, wishing the medicine to rest alone on its intrinsic value. No ship going to sea should be without them. Families having once used them will always have a supply.

Sold Retail by all respectable Druggists, and Wholesale by Thomas Roberts & Co., 117 Fulton Street. Ag. 10.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. Gilloft. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pen, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.

" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.

" " " Harlem River.

View of the Jet at

Fountain in the Park, New York.

" " in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, 86th St., 4th Avenue, Yorkville.—THOMAS F. LENNOX, late of the Chatham Theatre, respectfully announces to his friends his new location in Yorkville. The Cars stop hourly on weekdays and half hourly on Sundays.

This Establishment will be found one of the most suitable and convenient stopping places en route to the AQUEDUCT,—that greatest of modern scientific achievements,—and which is within two minutes walk of the R. R. Hotel.

Liquors, Wines, &c., of a superior quality, are constantly on hand; also, Oysters, Cakes, Ice Cream, and every delicacy of the Season.

Private Rooms for Parties.

An excellent Quoit Ground is attached to the House, together with other Amusements.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufactured Tobacco. Ag. 20-1y.



